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H. WALTER BARNETT.

THE HON. MRS. EDWARD LYTTETON.

Hyde Park Corner.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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COUNTRY LIFE AND MADNESS.

THE report of the Lunacy Commissioners supplies many subjects for reflection, but the chief one is that country life seems more conducive to insanity than town life. There is no getting over the fact that density of population does not necessarily imply a high rate of insanity, even in towns; in fact, the greatest amount of insanity occurs in the most sparsely-populated districts. The proportion of insane in Herefordshire is more than that in any other county, and those that come next are Radnor, Wiltshire, Cardigan, and Montgomery. We should like to ask if there is any connection between these figures and the question of rural depopulation? From each of the districts named there has been a very considerable exodus of the people whose ordinary work is on the land, and it is a fair and safe inference that the very best of the population betook themselves to towns, leaving behind them, we may presume, the very aged, the sick, the ailing, and the feeble-minded. If that should be so—and it is a very plausible explanation—the statistics drawn up by the Lunacy Commission do not really teach us much. What they show is that the strong, the healthy, and the energetic are attracted to town by the scope afforded there for their energy, and that those who are physically or mentally unfit to take part in the feverish struggle, which is ever going on in the centres of population, remain behind in the villages. But this is a very different thing from saying that town life is healthier than country life, or more conducive to mental equilibrium. On the contrary, such a statement would be quite incredible. The strain upon life is none the less great because those who suffer from it are unconscious of the fact. As it is incredible that the pounding that goes on inside a motor-car can proceed indefinitely without causing damage, so it is likewise incredible that the endless concussions to which the brain is subject, that is to say, the series of impressions made upon it through sound and sight and feeling, can possibly be without effect. They must in time

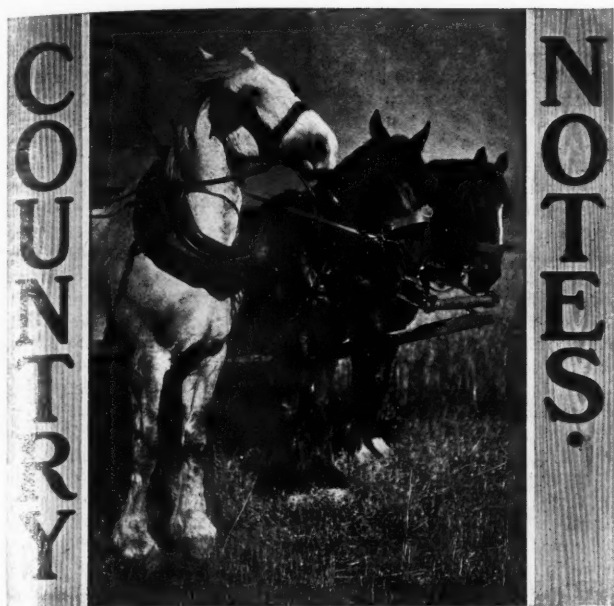
tend to produce an unhealthy condition of the brain. On the other hand, townspeople have learned by experience to take measures to counteract the fever and hurry of life. Experience shows that to realise the ideal of the ancients, and have a sound mind in a sound body, it is as necessary to exercise the brain as the muscles. Intellectual exertion—unless when it exceeds the bounds of moderation—far from being injurious, is healthy and stimulating; in the ideal life it would have as large a share as physical exercise.

Those who have tried to live the simple life in the country have in many instances gone about their business without much understanding. We have a case in our mind's eye at the moment of a most able and talented man who became infected with the idea that it was his duty to labour with his hands. He is accustomed to follow out strictly the injunction to do with his might whatever comes to his hands. He was far, indeed, from thinking that salvation lay exclusively in manual labour, and in the cottage wherein his simple life was to be lived he had fitted up a book-room wherein he meant to read, write, and think after the conclusion of the day's labour. But to his surprise and astonishment all that belonged to intellectual life faded out of his existence. After rising at a fairly early hour in the morning, and giving the day to toil among his cabbages and his livestock, he found that when he came to take up a book in the evening he was more inclined to fall asleep than to read it. In short, he was threatened with the worst form of mental stagnation—an evil from which country people are prone to suffer. We quote the experience to show that to go from one extreme to another is by no means to redress the balance. If the brain is overworked in the town, so is the body in the country, and true health can only be maintained by those who strike the happy mean. And we do not think that the glamour which attaches to Arcadia would be dissipated by the adoption of this view. As a matter of fact, it is, broadly speaking, acted upon by the average country gentleman, whose life is a combination of duty, business, and pleasure. He relieves the monotony of country life by a periodical residence in town, and, according to the Commissioners, it is not the class to which he belongs that suffers most from insanity. On the contrary, the returns appear to show that his life is a healthy one both for body and mind.

It is somewhat sad to think that, alike in town and country, the poor are more subject to insanity than the rich. We cannot help wondering whether this has been always so or not, for the mere figures are not in themselves sufficient proof that insanity is increasing. We have to remember that in old times the methods adopted with the insane were most cruel and drastic. The strait-waistcoat and the padded room were too often accompanied by the most brutal ill-treatment, so that those who saw anything going mentally wrong with a relative or friend for whom they had an affectionate regard were inclined to conceal the fact. The lunatic asylum was to them a chamber of horrors. But in addition to this there were many forms of lunacy which were not treated as forms of disease, but regarded purely and simply as individual characteristics. In our time the doctors are busier and more efficient. They have found out that much which was attributed to inherent vice or criminality is really due to insanity, and no doubt their certificates have helped to swell the numbers. Again, in the treatment of the insane, it has come to be recognised that the kindly and humane methods are the more efficacious, and a lunatic asylum has laid aside its horrible methods, so that there is not the repugnance to enter it which once existed. In fact, public opinion has turned all the other way, and those who have friends or relatives mentally afflicted are only too glad to place them under the care of skilled experts of whose humanity they feel assured. For these reasons, we are by no means inclined to accept the figures given as absolute proof of the increase of insanity. Certainly there is little ground, beyond the report, for thinking that it should increase among the working classes. The conditions of life have certainly not changed for the worse among them during the last quarter or half a century, and labour is not more incessant. The only cause that seems likely to lead to insanity is the specialisation of tasks. A man who has to mind one small machine, or part of a machine, from morning till night, and from year's end to year's end, with no relief from the dread monotony of his task, can scarcely avoid being affected in his mind before very long. It is like the drop of water which, being made to fall continuously on the prisoner of the Inquisition, constituted one of his hardest torments.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lyttelton. Mrs. Lyttelton was a daughter of the late Very Rev. John West, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and married Canon the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, the present head-master of Eton, in 1883.



THOSE who know their history will be quick to draw a parallel between the tour on which certain members of the Royal Family are now engaged, and another tour undertaken when Queen Victoria was still in her teens. Princess Christian and Princess Victoria are visiting the English counties in a motor-car. We do not know that all the advantages rest with the more modern method of locomotion. The coach of old time had qualities that were all its own. Even when horsed for Royalty it did not move through the country at a break-neck-speed, but at a rate that afforded ample opportunity to those within to observe their surroundings, the houses, and the people as it passed along. It was not possible to make very long journeys by it, and often the occupants had to be content with the accommodation to be found in very modest inns; but this was part of the pleasure of the journey, and the individuality of character had not in those days been rubbed off the inhabitants to the extent that it has in our time. Much, too, of the quaint and curious that existed in the thirties and forties has now been improved out of existence, so that the England of to-day differs materially from that of the later nineteenth century. Yet he would be a pessimist who declared that all the beautiful things, or even the greater portion of them, had been destroyed. England still possesses the most exquisite country lanes—at this time of the year hanging with nut and berry. One cannot go far in a rural district without coming upon some of the picturesque and peasant cottages which country people used to delight in building, and many a castle and many a manor house have so far withstood the ravages of time, and present very much the same aspect to-day as they presented a hundred years ago.

It is probable that historians will regard the rioting that took place at Tokio after the war as a significant indication of the Japanese character. Here we have a nation which accepted the horrors of war with a steadiness and a gravity that raised them to an infinite extent in the estimation of mankind. There was no undue exultation over their successes, and at moments of doubt no evidence of giving way or of lack of pluck in the general community. Japan's conduct was simply admirable, but when the conditions of peace were announced the greatest dissatisfaction was exhibited. It became evident that the citizens of Japan had endured the sufferings incidental to a great conflict with minds concentrated on the object they had in view. To gain it they were willing to do everything, to suffer everything; but when a peace was announced, which at first glance did not seem to secure what they had been aiming at, nothing could well exceed the general discontent, and it looked for a time as though Tokio were to be disgraced by scenes of outrage. Happily, the moderation of the race asserted itself in the end, and quietness now reigns in the dominions of the Mikado. Still, the lesson is one that Europe will do well to take to heart—it is that of a nation willing to bear and willing to risk, but determined to reap the proper reward of its exertion.

One of the results of the war in the Far East which we may hope to turn to some advantage, now that peace is happily concluded, must be a greatly-increased knowledge of some of the wilder country, more remote from the railway and from recognised roads, which must now have been thoroughly explored by the forces of one or the other of

the lately-contending nations. In this way a great tract of country, and many miles of mountain passes which the hunter from civilised lands could not visit formerly, on account of the virtual impossibility of finding out anything about their character, the means of access to them, or the kind of game likely to be found in them, have been made practicable. Doubtless a great dispersal of the game will have taken place as a consequence of the operations of war extending over so vast an area; but both from the Japanese and from the Russian side the big-game shooter may hear "something to his advantage," which, if known by anybody before the war, was regarded as the special property of the Governments of the countries engaged in it, and by them not to be retailed for the service of any big-game hunter in the world. The game will soon return to the haunts from which the armies may have driven them, and the hunter, going in the track of those armies, may study recent strategy at the same time that he finds sport for his rifle on what is practically virgin soil to the shooter of big game.

THE WATER KELPIE.

A year-old wife went down the loaning,
To meet her goodman did she go;
The bees were in the clover droning,
The cushats cooing soft and low.
"O will he never come?" she cried,
"And why is he so slow?"
Above the burn there came a moaning,
That summer night a year ago;
A sound like wind through pine trees groaning,
Tossing the branches to and fro.
"O will he ever come?" she sighed,
And something told her—"No!"
Ah, what was that went up the loaning?
A shadow cast at sunset-glow?
While clearer came the woeful moaning,
'Twas like a death-dirge soft and slow.
"My love, come back to me!" she cried,
"Why did I let you go?"
A year-old widow walks the loaning,
Her head is bent, her step is slow;
Again she hears the Kelpie moaning,
As on that night a year ago.
"Kind death come soon, come soon!" she cries,
"For O I want him so!"

II. P. T.

In the report issued by the Commissioners of Lunacy there are several points of novel importance. One is the proof they give that lunacy is not increasing in the crowded and busy districts of the great towns. It seems, after all, as though brain worry and the general fever of business were not so bad for health as is commonly supposed. The second point is that cases of insanity are much more prevalent in the poorer classes than among those who are well-to-do. The reasons for this it would be hard to determine; but, of course, the greater leisure and the less anxiety on the part of those who have not to struggle day by day for the bare means of livelihood, will go far to account for it, while, naturally, those of weak or diseased intellect tend to drop down into the pauper class. The third point is the fact, proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there is intimate connection between the alcoholic habit and lunacy. It is pointed out with perfect justice that weakness or disease of brain is often accountable for excessive drinking, so that which is cause and which is effect remains in doubt. Still, the excessive use of alcohol is proved by demonstration to be inimical to mental soundness. That there is a greater percentage of women who go mad, and also a greater proportion of them cured, is only what we should expect, as there are certain conditions of the feminine sex which lead very easily to insanity of a temporary character, while, if a man becomes insane, there is less chance of his recovery.

The decay of the beer-drinking habit of the English people is attracting attention at the present moment from very different points of view. At the various meetings of brewery companies we are quite accustomed to the monotonous lament that the trade is being ruined by too much interference and excessive legislation. This complaint cannot be urged with justice against the present Government, and will not serve as a sound explanation of a curious phenomenon. The ordinary consumer would, perhaps, say that the English brewer has not quite succeeded in meeting his requirements. He has lost taste for the heavy and heady beers that were beloved of his forefathers, who sang the praises of "October" as though it were a kind of nectar. What he wants is something lighter, more brilliant, and more palatable. Attempts have been made to meet this by the introduction of various descriptions of lager beer; but even this does not quite meet the situation. Perhaps, on the

whole, the most satisfactory reason is that the old drinking habits of the people of Great Britain are to a large extent being given up. We have had occasion more than once to comment on the decreased consumption of wines, both those that are light and cheap and champagnes of the best vintage. What has been going on among the richer classes has had a parallel movement in the working classes. Probably the greater popularity of many kinds of amusement has drawn people away from the public-houses. The man who goes cycling or walking, or takes violent exercise of any kind, does not as a rule care to consume much liquid. He may take his glass of beer to finish the day with, but this is in place of many glasses that would have been imbibed by his forefathers.

It is rather singular that as the profits from beer decrease, apparently because of a diminishing national thirst, the area of hop gardens should be constantly on the increase, both in Kent, the great hop garden of England, which still produces more than all the other counties together, and in the rest of the island. This year the crop is a "bumper" one, but the benefit to the grower will not be at all what it would have been but for the reduced consumption of beer. For the brewery companies the crop comes just at the right moment, for it will enable them to get a good supply of best hops at a cheap rate, which will help them to show more pleasing dividends than has lately been possible.

It is doubtful if many people suffered more from the rain-storms of last week than the unfortunate hop-pickers in Kent, whose work was entirely stopped. Few people realise the vast number of those who take part in this industry every year. It is estimated that well over 10,000 people left Southwark alone to go to the hopfields, and that probably there are as many as 100,000 people who have left London for the purpose. To them rain is a very great disaster. The hop-picker, it is scarcely necessary to say, carries hardly anything in his pocket, and, as a rule, has difficulty in finding money to discharge the cost of his railway ticket. When work comes to a stop, therefore, he is entirely destitute, and during last week there was undoubtedly a very great deal of suffering on the part of this huge army of poor workers. The consolation is that they are never quite so badly off in the country as they are in London, where lack of money means absolute starvation. In the country, particularly a fruit and vegetable country, complete hunger, if not impossible, is at least a greater rarity than in town.

The potato crop is second only to that of cereals in abundance, and a good deal of importance is attached to the preliminary estimates that have been made. Rumour has been busy saying that the lands in Lincolnshire and Ireland have been water-logged, and that disease has made its appearance; but these statements are scarcely borne out by the market reports. Good potatoes are being sold for 50s. to 60s. a ton, or considerably less than they have brought during the last decade. Most of the growers anticipate a very heavy crop, and so far there has been no positive evidence to tell of decay. Undoubtedly, the English crop will be much above the average. The Irish crop may have suffered to some extent from the wet weather, but so far there is little ground for the pessimism that is so prevalent. From Scotland the reports are very good indeed, and what we hear of the foreign crops is to the effect that they are much heavier than usual. The prospect, from the standpoint of the consumer, is that potatoes will be cheap during the coming winter—that is to say, if disease continues to keep away, but the assumption that it will do so is a somewhat large one.

Those of our readers who are interested in what may be called the antiquarianism of natural history, will be well advised to visit the exhibition now open at the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road. Few people know the treasures in the way of early works on this subject which are at present on view there. It is an attractive study to follow out the gradual development of this branch of learning. Proof is afforded by the drawings found on various primitive implements and remains that man, in a very early stage of his history, was accustomed to observe the forms and habits of animals, and to try to make rough representations of them on bone and flint. Some examples of the carvings and drawings of this kind are shown in the exhibition. The oldest book exhibited is the "*Historia Naturalis*," or "*Historia Mundi*," of Pliny the Elder, printed by J. de Spira's press at Venice in 1469. As far as is known this is the first work on natural history ever printed, and it is worthy of note that the number of known plants recorded in it is about 1,000. We cannot here enumerate the other treasures collected for the pleasure of the lover of natural history who is also something of a bibliophile, but perhaps by directing their attention to the matter some who might have overlooked the exhibition may be induced to attend.

The largest specimen of the orang-outang which the Zoological Society has ever possessed has just been presented by the authorities of the Botanical Gardens at Singapore. For the last seven years it has lived in the Singapore Gardens, and is remarkably tame—but there can also be no question about the fact that it is remarkably ugly! Shock-headed, red-haired, long-armed, and short of leg, with a huge body and great dusky face with an enormous protuberant mouth, cunning, evil-looking eyes, and rounded, receding forehead, it seemed by almost common consent to be regarded as a veritable Caliban incarnate by the crowds who gathered before its cage on Sunday afternoon. This animal, a male, though over seven years of age, is certainly far from adult, inasmuch as there is yet no sign of the enormous pouch which, depending from the throat, extends upwards on each side of the head in the form of a great rounded fold of skin. This pouch contains a huge air-sack, which, leaving the larynx, extends into the fold just described and downwards over the throat, spreading outwards under the armpits. The purpose of this wind-bag is to increase the resonance of the voice till it assumes the sound of a low roar, resembling that of the panther. The orang is supposed to reach maturity when fifteen years of age; if the new arrival thrives it should be possible to watch the development of this wonderful voice organ. Structurally this creature is of extreme interest. In addition to the pouch just described its brain more nearly resembles that of man than any other of the large apes; further, it is unique in that the thigh is not held to the socket of the pelvis by means of a ligament as in other animals.

THE BALM OF NIGHT.

Rest, rest, sad heart, it is the night,
Until the dawn, until the light,
Oh! cast thy burthen down.

Sigh, none shall heed; weep, none may ask
Wherefore thy tears. Let fall the mask,
And lift the thorny crown.

Thy little world forsake awhile,
Until the morn forget to smile,
The night it is thine own.

Rest, sad heart, rest, till day is here,
No friend is nigh, love is not near,
Oh! cast thy burthen down!

K. G.

During the course of the autumn there is to be a curious hound contest in America. The terms remind us a little of the England of the eighteenth century. It appears that two Masters of Foxhounds for a long time have been keen rivals. One imports all his hounds from this country, and the other uses a descendant of the Cuban bloodhound which, in the old slavery days, was used to track runaway negroes, and each, of course, declares his own pack the better of the two. To decide the matter, a contest has been arranged for a considerable wager; it has been fixed to take place during a fortnight in October, when their two different packs of hounds will hunt on alternate days, the time allowed being between sunrise and sunset, and the one which accounts for the greater number of foxes is to be declared the better pack. It is a sporting wager that, as we have said, suggests the old times in England, when one squire thought his dogs so much superior to those of his neighbour. We are glad to see that the greatest care has been taken to limit the field, only five gentlemen, with their servants, being allowed on either side, and no spectators. This is on the ground that sightseers might head either the dogs or the foxes.

Now that the nation is aroused to an interest in the great question of armament and home defence, and education of the masses in rifle-shooting has been proposed as the most effective means to that end, some are regretting that the popular interest runs so much more towards sport than rifle practice, while others debate the possibility of turning this interest towards rifle-shooting. It is quite certain that the youthful imagination is fired almost as much by the appearance as the reality of things. The shooting at a bullseye on a fixed target has not much that stirs the imagination. On the other hand, no sooner do we present a boy rifleman with the picture of a stag to shoot at, whether stationary or in movement, or even a running man, than a strong appeal is made instantly to his imagination. He sees visions of the Monarch of the Glen and of himself stalking the monarch, or lives again the splendid lives of Mayne Reid's heroes. There is not the slightest reason why the youth of the nation should be asked to shoot at a dull square target with a dull round bullseye when it might be aiming at a stag, a buffalo, or a lion. These, too, have their "bullseye" for the rifleman—that is to say, their one recognised spot for planting the killing bullet. Why not try to make the shooting a little more inspiring?

THE FRUITS OF AUTUMN.



R. Barritt.

AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Copyright.

THE division of the year into seasons is always somewhat arbitrary, as, with our variable climate, winter is often prolonged far into spring, between spring and summer no definite line is fixed, and summer merges so softly into autumn that it is impossible to say exactly when one ends and the other begins, while autumn itself closes with a snowstorm which may come early or late as the case may be. This year, what has been a long, bright, and pleasant summer seems to be coming to a premature close, and already, in early September, the aspect of the fields has become distinctly autumnal. Both in the North and in the South of England the corn has been carried earlier than usual. Where, a while ago, its yellow waves covered the fields, there is now

only bare stubble, with here and there a cornrick or haystack built, as the modern custom is, in the fields, not taken home to the barnyard, as was the way with our forefathers. In orchard and garden, however, much of the harvest still remains to be gathered in, although the characteristic of English fruit is that it ripens in a continuous stream from early summer onwards to the verge of winter. Cherries have passed, and gooseberries, currants, and raspberries with their kind; but the main crops, after all, are those of the apple and pear, many of which are still showing their red cheeks amid leaves which have begun to display the first tinted colours of the waning year. The fact annually becomes less discernible by those who are townsmen pure and simple, because scarcely a year passes



J. M. Whitehead.

THE KINDLY FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

Copyright.

without showing an enlargement of the foreign sources of supply, so that there is not a month in which the householder may not, if he wishes, see these fruits on his table. Still, there is a natural preference for the varieties which are English, and on the whole it is justified. Our climate in a sense is not so favourable to fruit-growing as those which are sunnier, but the moisture, which is one of its characteristics, or some other cause imparts a flavour which is too frequently absent from the brighter-coloured fruits which come from abroad. We refer particularly to apples, of which our best eating varieties are only equalled by some that are grown in Normandy, where the climate does not differ very essentially from that of Great Britain. In regard to plums it is



R. Barritt.

FROM SUNNY FRANCE.

Copyright.

to be feared that the same boast will not hold good, as many of those which are sent into England—especially from South Africa—have an exquisite and unsurpassable flavour. It has often been pointed out that, alike with apples, plums, and pears, the average English grower does not do himself justice.

The majority of the orchards are of considerable age, some, like that of Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, in Herefordshire, dating as far back as the reign of Queen Anne; and it is curious to note that the tall and beautiful pear trees planted then yield fruit as good in quantity and in quality as those of much later date. But it was

about forty or fifty years ago that market gardening began to be looked upon as a serious occupation in Great Britain, and investigation shows that many orchards were planted at that time. Unluckily the science of the matter was very imperfectly understood, and one of the aims, even of those who were people of enlightenment in their time, was to secure variety, with the result that in many plantations which now are half a century old, it is found that the trees run in small groups. The work was not done intelligently, if we may judge from a sample that we have had an opportunity to study carefully. The man who made the plantation evidently considered that he would do best by having a succession of fruits. Thus, he had a group of early

cooking apples, another of early eating apples, another group to come on when these were done, and so on, till he got to those meant for keeping. He could, therefore, send a continuous supply of apples in seasonable condition to market from early July till late October. No doubt this answered his purpose for the time, and, indeed, it appears to have done so, for, by all accounts, the man whom we have in our mind thrived and did well out of his orchard. But with the greater increase in the growth of fruits for the table and the kitchen, the salesman has found that this is not the best type of orchard. What a man



J. M. Whitehead

"WINE THAT MAKETH GLAD."

Copyright.

who to-day is going to plant should find out, is the particular species of apple which his ground is most fitted to produce, and he will have all the more success should he confine his attention to one, two, or at most three varieties. It is the cry for the specialist that for a long time past has been uttered in every walk of life. To send apples to market in small quantities is of little use, except in the case of those hard-working people who do not mind carrying round their own goods, and who depend on a private connection for their sale. Where that is possible, no doubt an excellent result might be obtained from such an orchard as we have in view. But the majority of growers must depend on a large market, and they have found by experience that the word "uniformity" is as magical there as it is to the grocer in the matter of butter. The apples that are as nearly as possible uniform in size, colour, and degree of ripeness are far more in demand than the mixed lot which the grower too often sends up to be disposed of. To get a good variety of apple and to forward it in the best condition are the keys to success.

Very much the same thing holds good of pears, of which the varieties are endless, though the pear is a much more ticklish fruit to deal with than the apple. One thing the grower should remember is that the plucking should be done just before the fruit is ripe. If the owner waits too long, the result is that the pears turn what the country people call "sleepy," that is to say, in the ordinary course of Nature they begin to rot inside, so that the pulp will eventually fall away from the pips; but in that condition they are utterly unfit for market. In the next place, the careless English grower very seldom understands the extreme care that should be exercised in plucking and storing fruit. An apple or a plum that has been in any way bruised soon begins to show signs of putrefaction; and this is a disease which spreads from one to another, so that, by one tiny act of carelessness, a whole crop may be endangered. In the third place, servants, who never seem able to learn much about fruit, will, if left to themselves, put it all in a heap, with the consequence

manner, they will still neglect this, putting it with that which has to be consumed immediately, and very often a great loss is entailed thereby. In plucking, too, very intelligent oversight should be exercised by the owner. He must look out no less for his trees than for his fruit, because it is very easy for a clumsy labourer on a ladder to damage both of them.

Assuming that the fruit has been properly gathered and properly stored, the fourth and not least important point is that it should be despatched to market in a safe and attractive form. Fruits of about the same size should be put in one hamper, so that the idea of uniformity may be at once gained



A. E. Henley.

A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

Copyright.

that it heats and soon becomes unsaleable. Both pears and apples should be laid out in rows, and it will be all the better if a current of air passes over them. We are referring at the present moment to fruit that is almost ready for consumption, because in regard to it negligence is very frequently displayed. It usually has to be plucked a few days previously to being sold, and unless managed with the greatest care it is now that injury will be done to it. But if left without superintendence at all servants think that any way of throwing it into a barn or other place will serve for the short time it will be there. Even when they have been taught to lay aside keeping fruit in a proper and orderly



J. M. Whitehead.

SILVER AND GOLD.

Copyright.

by anyone looking at it. Experience has shown that this has a very great weight with the retail dealer, the customer who has to be ultimately pleased.

THE NAMING OF HORSES.

NOT a few people there were who expressed surprise at the name of Flying Fox, which the late Duke of Westminster selected for the splendid son of Orme and Vampire; but a little reflection would have satisfied them that the name was far from inappropriate. The word "orme" being the French name for an elm tree, and the vampire a species of bat, it is not difficult to see the connection with the flying fox, which is a tree-inhabiting bat. These bats derive their name from their curious likeness to a fox, especially about the head. They are fairly large in size, and may readily be distinguished by their teeth, which are thirty-four in number. They are widely distributed, and are found in India, Ceylon, Burmah, the Malay Archipelago, and other localities; they usually fly in single file, with a peculiarly solemn and measured movement of their wings, and are in the habit of roosting in such large numbers in their favourite trees that towards roosting-time severe combats take place amongst them in order to secure their places on the boughs. The flying lemur, from which the brother to Flying Fox derives his name, is, as may be seen from the photographs which accompany these lines, an animal of peculiar appearance and curious characterisation. The folds of skin which run along the sides of its neck and body, and are connected with the long, slender limbs, form a most efficient parachute, which enables it to take leaps or flights in the air, some of which have been known to exceed 70 yds. in length. Although the cobego or flying lemur is a dweller in the trees, its toes and fingers are webbed right down to the roots of its claws. Amongst its other peculiarities, the lower front or incisor teeth are unlike those of other mammals, and the outermost of the two pairs of upper incisors, as well as the upper canine teeth, are fixed in the

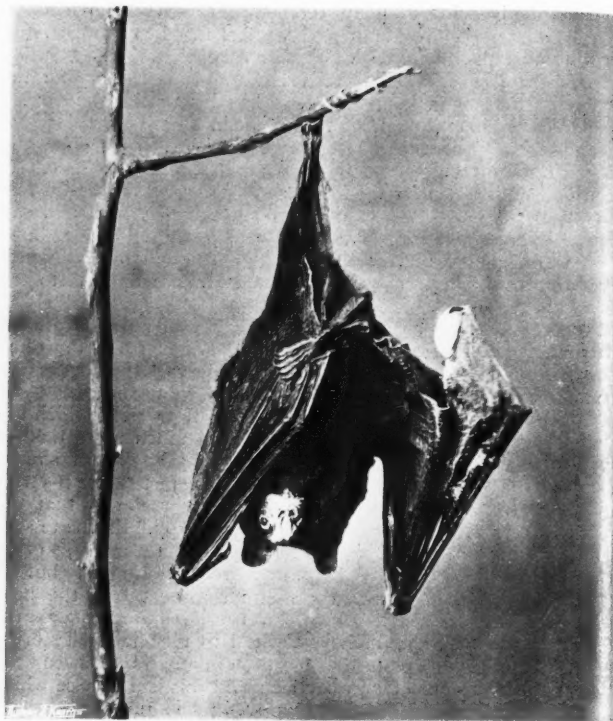
jaw by two distinct roots--a state of affairs which does not occur in the case of any known mammal, although those ancient inhabitants of the world, the mole and the hedgehog, have two roots to their upper teeth. This strange beast is about the same size as a cat, and even more tenacious of life.

Then come the vampire bats, which gave their name to the dam of Flying Fox. The most hideous of this species is the great vampire; measuring 28in. across the wings, its large and leathery ears, formidable spear-like appendages on the top of the nose, exposed and grinning teeth, and glittering black eyes,



FLYING SQUIRREL.
(From an Old Engraving.)

combine to render its appearance extremely repulsive. But "handsome is that handsome does," and that strange freak of Nature is perfectly harmless and inoffensive, and lives entirely on fruits, seeds, and a few insects. A very different character must be given to the *Desmodus diphylla*, or blood-sucking vampire, which may be recognised by its short conical muzzle, the absence of a tail, and the scantiness of the membrane between the hind legs. The sharp upper incisor teeth are provided with chisel edges, so finely ground that they enable the bloodthirsty animals to gradually and imperceptibly shave away portions



G. C. Grover. *SLATY VAMPIRE BAT.*

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from the skins of their victims until the blood commences to ooze through, when they fasten upon the wound and continue to suck the vital fluid until fully gorged. From these animals come the weird stories of human vampires, which obtained credence towards the end of the Middle Ages, and which are still fully believed in in remote parts of Central Europe.

Both in mythology and in natural history many opportunities will be found for continuing the "tribal" cognomens of the descendants of Flying Fox. In the latter category amongst others is the flying squirrel, of which an illustration, reproduced from a rare old engraving, is given with this article. The picture is interesting as a specimen of the old and fast-disappearing art of the wood engraver, in addition to its value as an accurate delineation of the animal which it portrays.

From the earliest days of racing until now there has been a curious reluctance on the part of owners and breeders of race-horses to bestow a suitable name upon the young thorough-breds in their possession. As far as breeders for public sale are concerned, it is to a certain extent easy to understand that they should prefer to leave the naming of their stock to those into whose hands they pass on leaving the sale-ring; but in the case of private breeders and owners it is somewhat different. Theoretically speaking, the name given to a young race-horse should in some way or other serve to remind one of his parentage, a

fairly apt example of which may be quoted in the naming of Sauce Jug, by Juggler out of Sweet Sauce. In any case, some name or other ought to be found for a colt or filly as soon as they are old enough to be entered for their future engagements; and the omission to do so entails a very considerable amount of inconvenience on the racing public, a fact which has been so thoroughly recognised by the French authorities that they will not accept the entry of unnamed horses. Some owners have



G. C. Grover.

COBEGO.

Copyright.

an inveterate dislike to naming their horses at all; others maintain that a horse should not be given a name until he has earned that distinction by winning a race. To this latter category belonged the fifth Earl of Glasgow, and as, notwithstanding the number of horses he usually had in training, few of them were good enough to win a race of any sort, they frequently remained unnamed, although it is recorded of him that his friends the Earl of Strafford, General Peel, Admiral Rous, and Mr. George Payne would spend evening after evening with him, endeavouring to find names for them. On one of these occasions they succeeded



G. C. Grover.

KALONG.

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of sarcasm in the affectation of Society Lady, bestowed upon the filly by Ladas out of Relf, and one might perhaps discover a trace of cynicism in the name of the winner of last year's Derby, Cicero, by Cyllene out of Gas; but they are appropriate enough, as are those of Flying Greek, by St. Angelo out of Thessaly, and Houdini, by Collar out of Manacles. Sometimes events in the lives of young horses serve to suggest an appropriate name, such, for instance, as the narrow escape from drowning which led to

the happily-found names bestowed upon a colt and a filly owned long ago by Mr. Fenwick of Bywell in Northumberland. One night the river Tyne overflowed its banks to such an extent that Mr. Fenwick was suddenly alarmed by the information that his stables were full of water, which was rapidly increasing in depth. After great exertions, he and his men succeeded in removing most of the stud to higher ground; but the flood gained ground so rapidly that the last two were hurriedly placed in the church as the only place of safety. The church itself was flooded to a considerable depth, but when the waters subsided it was found that the two animals were quite safe, and had supported themselves for twenty-four hours by resting their fore feet on the reading-desk. After this adventure, Mr. Fenwick named them Deucalion and Pyrra, the hero and heroine of the Flood, as described in Ovid's "Metamorphoses." It is often difficult to so name an animal that the nomenclature shall bring to mind his immediate parentage; but even then it is by no means impossible to indicate the family from which he comes. Take, for example, the descendants of Blacklock, whose sons and



G. C. Grover.

CELEBES FOX-BAT.

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after endless persuasion in inducing him to promise to name three of his horses himself. He kept his word, and the following names were duly registered with Messrs. Weatherby as the result of his labours: He-has-a-name, Give-him-a-name, and He-isn't-worth-a-name. Other curiously-named horses figure in the pages of the old racing calendars, such as I wish you may get it, Shall I come soon enough, Here I go with my eye out, and Pot-8-o's, a chestnut son of the famous Eclipse, and himself the sire of Herod. The story goes that Lord Abingdon happened to mention to his trainer that he thought of calling the colt Potatoes; this seemed so funny to a stable boy who overheard the conversation, that he burst out laughing, whereupon his lordship took up a piece of chalk and said, "I'll give you a crown, my boy, if you can spell the word on the lid of the corn-bin." The lad, nothing loth, took the chalk and wrote down Pot-8-o's, and his orthography was accepted on the spot, and under that name the fame of a great horse and the memory of an illiterate stable lad have come down through the years which have elapsed since 1793. There is a touch



G. C. Grover.

FLORES FOX-BAT.

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daughters have been described as wearing locks of such hues as no artist in peroxide has ever been able to produce. Then from Tramp came Barefoot, Mendicant, Tinker, and others in the same category. Phantom had a host of appropriately-named descendants, such as Ghost, Apparition, and Nightmare, who was followed by Incubus. The Witches and Sorcerers followed after Soothsayer, and from Whisker descended the tribe of

Ringlets, Mustachios, and Whiskerandos. Many other instances could be given of these "tribally" named families; but the few which have been cited are sufficient to show the utility of a system which goes some way to bear out the notion that, if a little care and ingenuity are brought to bear upon the subject, the name of a horse should serve as an immediate clue to his descent.

T. B.

ROUGH JUSTICE.

ONE chilly November night in the eighties Tom Redhed and his men met in the heart of one of the largest pheasant coverts on Lord Warrington's estates in North Lancashire. It was nearly midnight, and though the moon was at her full, the scud flying before a keen north-easter constantly obscured her radiance. A slight sprinkling of snow lay on the ground, and there seemed a promise of more in the meagre air. Redhed was Lord Warrington's head-keeper, and his men, excepting two under-keepers, John Molyneux and George Clitheroe, were a scratch lot, consisting of all who could be spared from other important beats and some of the watchers and men generally employed on the shootings. The rendezvous was a hut used as a shelter for the gentlemen when they shot that particular beat. It was adequately but simply furnished with a table and benches, and in a corner cupboard, of which Tom had the key, were a few items in case of an emergency, a bottle of good brandy being one of these. The party, which mustered about ten in number, was very quiet, conversation was carried on in low tones, and it was evident something important was under discussion. Tom Redhed was a fine specimen of the old style of Lancashire keeper, a man of about forty-five, tall and powerfully built, his brown corduroys showing his big limbs and slightly bowed legs to perfection. He was unarmed, except for a stout ash stick. "Ay," he continued, "I got word as how Blackett's gang was coming out, and hearing we were doing a big shoot o' Monday, were going to try to bag the pheasants in Charfield Bottom."

"Eh! They maun try," said George Clitheroe, laconically, with a suggestive flourish of his blackthorn.

Grunts of assent came from the rest of the little army.

"Well, we're in for a foight, anyhow," said another, jubilantly. "Oime game, for one."

"I don't care so long as they foights fair, but I don't think mooch of Blackett's lot—a set of d—d colliers," grumbled Molyneux.

"No guns," said Clitheroe.

"Ay!" said Redhed, "no guns, or they will never live to carry another. Now, lads, we'd better be off; you've gotten your orders. Dick and Pete and Ned get down to th' bottom of the new dyke, and lie there. Blackett's sure to begin on th' right-hand side; he'll coom on by Giles's meadow, and pick oop a hare on th' road—yon's a rare lurcher of hisn. I'll wring his neck some day. Happen if you keep your ears open you may hear puss squeak. Steve and Jack and Hal coom along with me, while the rest creep down the west spinney; but mind, if I blow my whistle twice you maun all coom—I cannot want ony of you if Blackett's lot are all out."

Cautiously the little party crept out and dispersed to their posts, Redhed staying behind to lock the door of the hut. These sorties against poachers were almost a nightly occurrence in the district of which I am writing; the estate, one of some thousands of acres, was rigorously preserved, and being in the neighbourhood of a large manufacturing town, and its adjacent collieries, it was impossible to prevent poaching, although the evil was kept in check. As far as Tom Redhed was concerned, there was nothing he enjoyed more than one of these nocturnal fights with poachers; he had seen some bad ones, too, for a young chap, one of his under-keepers, had been killed before his eyes a few years ago by a savage blow with a loaded stick, and of late a tendency had developed on the part of some of the poachers to carry guns, a custom deeply resented by the better sort of men. Tom Redhed's mood on this particular winter's night was more than usually belligerent, for he was smarting under the loss of a fine covey of partridges, netted very cleverly, in spite of the field being bushed, Tom having been drawn off on a false scent by a trick which, as he says, "any ould fool might have seen through." The little party had been ambushed an hour, and were nearly starved with cold, when they heard the welcome sounds of men moving stealthily through the wood. The snapping of small twigs, the rustle of dried leaves, and the movements of disturbed creatures of the wild fell on Tom's accustomed ear, and he raised himself slightly in his bracken bed. Presently came the expected note of alarm from a roosting pheasant at the further end of the covert. Tom's little army, listening with strained ears, lay waiting there for the signal from Clitheroe, who commanded that detachment. Tom, peering through the untrodden bracken, could now see by the light of the moon a dozen figures passing along a serpentine path about a hundred yards away.

"They are there, sure enough," whispered Tom raucously to Steve, who lay alongside him. "Blackett's leading. We shall have them this time—they can't get away, but we'll bide a bit, and tak' them red-handed. Ah!" Again a pheasant crowed; it was his death-rattle this time, and Clitheroe and his mates could hear the dull thud of the bird's body as it dropped to the ground.

"Now!" whispered Tom, and simultaneously all the men rose. It was well and smartly done, and before the poachers knew they were discovered, they were surrounded by Tom's party on one side and Clitheroe's on the other. They had killed a couple of pheasants, which they were putting into a sack, and Blackett refused to obey Redhed's orders to give themselves up peacefully. After a few rough words, and a skirmish or two, the fight began in good earnest, and the fickle moon again hiding her face behind a bank of cloud, it was really almost pitch dark; only the blows from the sticks and strong cursing in the rough Northern dialect showed where the combat was raging. In a few seconds Redhed felt he was outnumbered, and he blew his whistle; for a moment Blackett was taken aback, but he was supported by fourteen great hulking colliers, and he knew they were stronger in numbers than the keepers' men, and that they were getting ten to one the best of it. But the reserve force came up at the right moment, and, after all, were better men at staying than the beer-sodden poachers, and the aspect of things changed at once. Half-a-dozen of Blackett's men were put *hors de combat*, and their leader, seeing he was worsted, threw his opponent and tried to escape. Tom, determined not to lose the most important member of the gang, went after him. Then a totally unexpected thing happened, which was very nearly attended with fatal consequences. Blackett disappeared behind the big chestnut, but emerged immediately on the other side, and discharged the contents of a gun at Tom Redhed. The moon shone out just as Tom staggered and fell, exclaiming, "We've beaten them, my lads; dom him for a coward." Rage gave extra strength to the keeper's party, and while Molyneux rushed to Tom's succour, Blackett, who had thrown away his gun, was caught and overpowered; in a few seconds more his gang were all prisoners. To the inexpressible joy of Tom's men they found that he had had a miraculous escape. His left whisker was singed by the blast from the gun, the charge having passed within an inch of his head, and his fall was really caused by his having tripped over the root of a tree, and, being a heavy man, he was slightly stunned for a moment.

"Now," he said, as they helped him to his feet again, "we maun give yon Blackett a taste of summat shairp, eh, lads? I wager when we've done with him, he'll not want to handle a gun again for soom toime; we'll settle oop at once. Fetch the lot here; I think we've caught 'em all."

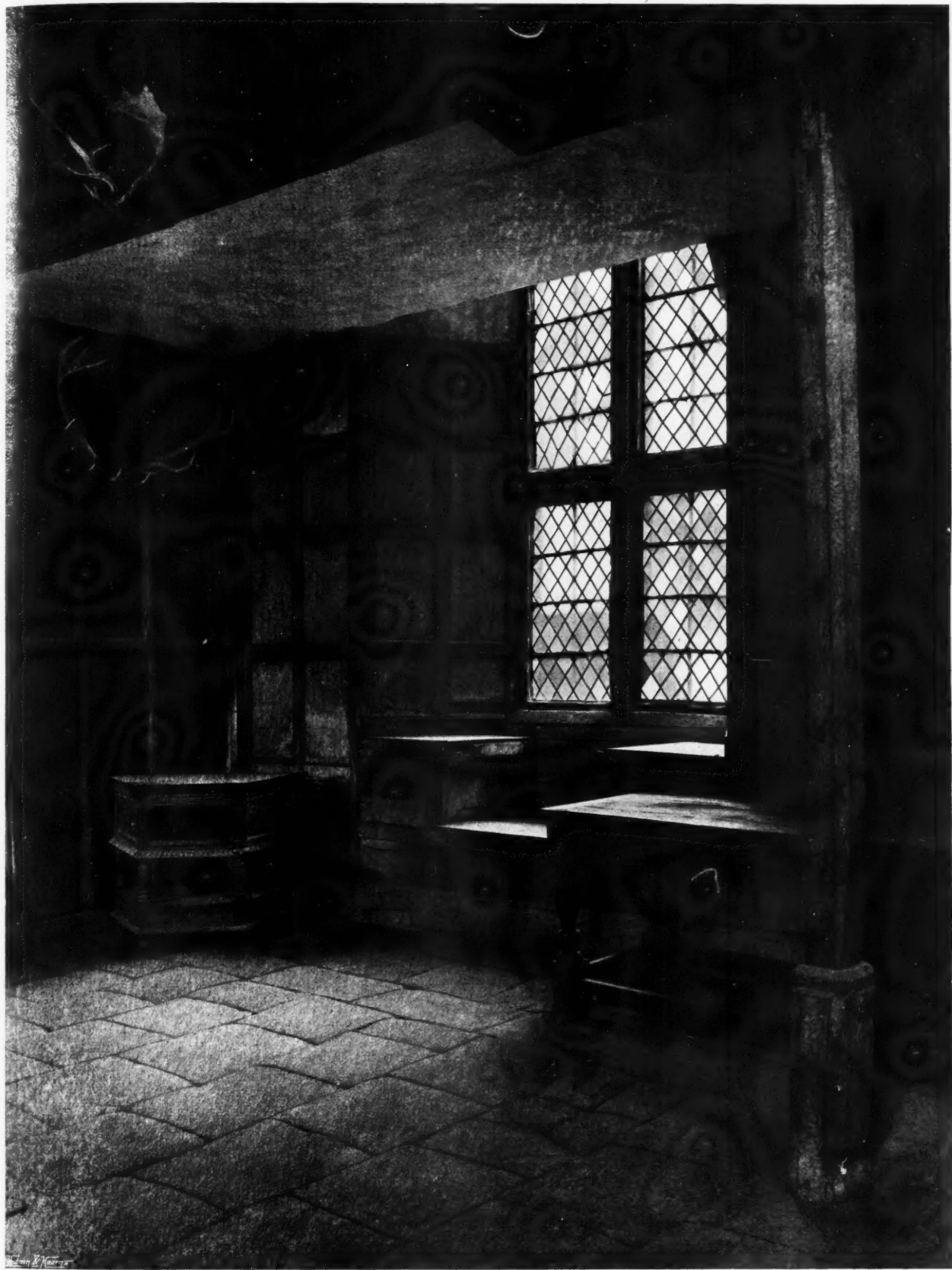
It was a strangely dramatic scene; the moon, flinging off her black cloud robes, appeared in her full white glory, and the whole stage was bathed in silver light. The clearing, in the centre of which Tom was enthroned on a fallen giant of the wood, was carpeted with withered bracken slightly powdered with snow, and in a half-circle stood the vanquished, disarmed poachers with their conquerors. Signs of a bloody fight were not wanting, and there was more than one broken head among them. Two men held the ringleader, Blackett, whose hands were bound behind his back. He was a swarthy, good-looking chap, with a bulldog expression and dark, restless eyes, evidently anything but confident as to the result of his impending trial. It was soon over. Tom Redhed was by no means an eloquent man, and was, as he expressed it himself, "no schollard"; but no one could have made a better speech, or one more to the purpose. In a few words the prisoner was tried, convicted, and condemned.

"Noo," he said, "lads, we've beat you, and you mostly fought fair with sticks or fists—the only way our Lancashire lads should fight with one another. You know when you coom into my lord's preserves, to take his pheasants, you are breaking the law, and we are here to defend it, and 'tis no more than our duty; and as long as you fight fair, we bear you no grudge, even if we get a bit o' knocking about. But what I can't stand, and ain't a-going to allow, is a chap taking a gun and trying to murder a man for doing his duty. That's what Blackett has done; and it's only by God's mercy"—touching his cap—"that I am not now lying here dead. Now, lads, I am going to give Mr. Blackett a lesson he'll never forget. Get your ash platts,

four of you, lay him down on his face, and thrash him within an inch of his life."

The sentence was immediately carried out with thorough good will. Blackett was thrown on his face on the turf, and for several seconds no sound was heard but the cutting of ash sticks and the groans of the culprit. Then Redhed called out

and, strange to say, the whole affair was kept a secret. When Blackett recovered, he was brought before the magistrates, who found a bill against him for poaching and attempted murder, and at the next assizes he was convicted and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Lord Warrington told the judge, a friend of his, the story in confidence, which probably had the effect of



Rev. H. R. Campion.

ENGLISH OAK.

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"That's enough!" and Blackett fainted; but a drop of brandy sent for from the hut by Tom brought him round. He was then carried to the keeper's house and put to bed, and as soon as it was light taken to the hospital in the neighbouring town. The story, as I tell it to you, was told by Tom to his master the next day, and he enjoined silence on the subject;

mitigating Blackett's sentence. About three years after, Tom was seated at dinner in his cottage, when a man came to the door and asked to see the keeper.

"Ye dunno know me, Mr. Redhed?" he said.

"Nay," said Redhed, looking at him; "I dunno."

"Eh," replied his visitor, "ye dunno remember me! But

so long as I live I shall never forget you. I can feel you in my bones yet," he said, smiling, but shrugging his shoulders uneasily.

"What!" cried Tom; "ye be niver Blackett I hidid for shooting at me?"

Blackett nodded. "The same, and I hope a better and wiser chap."

"Coom ye in, mon," said Tom, cordially, "and tak' a bit o' summat. Eh! but I'm right glad to see thee; I thowt you were still in the jug."

"So I was," replied the poacher, shaking his executioner warmly by his outstretched hand, "but I got out for good conduct before my toime was oop, and you never did a kinder thing than when you larruped me that night."

After dinner Blackett proposed a walk, and led his host intentionally towards the hut where they met that memorable night. Close to the hut stood a venerable hollow chestnut tree,

to which Blackett went, and from which he produced, to Redhed's amazement, a wonderful horde of nets and traps and poaching implements. The nets were quite works of art, most beautifully made of silk, and intended for all seasons—white for snow, silver grey for moonlight nights, brown for the plough, and some were actually dyed green. Blackett opened them out before the keeper, expatiating on their beauty and costliness with the pride of an artist, even describing many successful hauls he had made with one or the other. He ended by telling the keeper to take them.

"I've done with all that," he said; "but tak' me on to work with you. I know all about rearing pheasants, and I maun live in the open. I cannot thole with a life between four walls," and Blackett ultimately became a most able and valuable assistant to Redhed in preserving and rearing the subjects of his former midnight depredations.

AUGUSTA DE LACY LACY.

GEORGE CRABBE AND ALDBOROUGH.

JUST one hundred and fifty years ago George Crabbe, the poet, was born in what was then the rough village of Aldborough. The modern Aldborough is now celebrating the anniversary, and recalling the fame of a poet whose verse was once read throughout England; whom Byron enlogised as "Nature's sternest poet, yet the best"; to whom Scott turned when he lay in his study at Abbotsford with failing strength, with an affection that had never waned; and whom critics differing as widely as Cardinal Newman, Mr. Swinburne, and Dr. Gore have united to praise. Surely a poet whose poetic inspiration has been traced to "compassion for what 'man has made of man,'" in whom the most diverse critics have found an insight into the springs of character, and a tragic power of dealing with them, should not be wholly neglected by this present age. Aldborough does well to recall the work of her once famous son, and his own early intimacy with hardship and suffering on that desolate coast. For in the last years of the eighteenth century Aldborough had little in common with the prosperous golfing and bathing centre of to-day. Once a flourishing port, accorded privileges by Royal Charter, and returning its two members to Parliament, the encroachments of the sea and the decay of shipping and fishing industries had left the town in the main a "poor and squalid place, the scene of much smuggling and lawlessness," and consisting of but "two parallel and unpaved streets, running between mean and scrambling houses."

In Aldborough on Christmas Eve, 1754, George Crabbe was born. The boating and fishing folk of the place were poor and



From an Engraving

THE POET'S HOME.

After C. Stansfield.

rough in manner; but the boy's early propensities to scholarship would seem to have distinguished him favourably in local estimation, if the pleasant story be true that once, when little more than six years old, having quarrelled in the street with a boy much bigger than himself, another interfered to protect him, on the ground that little Crabbe "had got larning."

It is said that he searched in the cottages of the fishermen for old ballads or books, which he would read aloud to them in the winter evenings, growing to be a great favourite with their wives and daughters. His father, once a village schoolmaster, later a collector of salt duties and part owner of a fishing-boat, gave the boy extra schooling, recognising his talents, and also recognising his unfitness for the sea. "That boy," he would say, in what we must imagine was a fit of a temper by nature imperious, "must be a fool. John and Bob and Will are all of some use about a boat, but what will that *thing* ever be good for?" The elder Crabbe on reflection concluded that schooling was George's first need, and at a school of some pretension at Stowmarket the boy attained to a certain mastery of Latin and mathematics. Before he was fourteen, however, George was taken from school, medicine being decided upon as his future profession. Some months were spent at home, during



From an Engraving

THE TOWN HALL, 1834.

After C. Stansfield.

which time he worked with his father on Slaughden Quay. It was at this time that the boy occupied himself as described in his poem "Tales of the Hall," written in long-after years of fame and comparative wealth. He would wander among the seaboard tracts of sand and marsh, with stunted trees and scant herbage, "watching the seagulls and curlews, talking to the superstitious old shepherds on the heath, or even penetrating to the smugglers' cave." At other times he would frequent the town, talking with the tradesmen in their shops, the sailors on the beach, "observing the signals of the ships at sea and whatever was going forward, never resting, as he says, till he knew what it meant, and the reason for everything that was done." It is of the passage describing this time of the poet's boyhood at Aldborough that Cardinal Newman wrote: "It is one of the most touching in our language. . . . I read it on its first publication, above thirty years ago, with extreme delight, and have never lost my love for it; and on looking it up lately found I was even more touched by it than heretofore." While still under fourteen years of age, a post was found for Crabbe in the house of a surgeon at Wickham-Brook, near Bury St. Edmund's. If he was rough and hard at home in Aldborough, this surgery, which was worked with a farm, can have offered little if any relief; for young Crabbe was compelled to sleep with the ploughman, and sometimes to work on the farm. There is a story that on the lad's first arrival he was "much mortified" by the daughter of the house busting out laughing at him, exclaiming at the same time, in a tone of anything but admiration, "La, here's our new apprentice!"

After three years with this surgeon-farmer, Crabbe obtained release by becoming pupil in 1771 to a Mr. Page of the inland town of Woodbridge. Here he joined a club of young men, who met on certain evenings at an inn for discussion and mutual improvement. One of the members of this little society was acquainted with a Miss Sarah Elmy, the orphan niece of a substantial yeoman living at Parham Hall, a moated homestead, with rookery, dovecote, and fish-ponds, in the beautiful wooded village of Great Parham. By some happy intuition the young man saw in her the future wife for the poet. "George," he said, "you shall go with me to Parham; there is a young lady there who would just suit you!" Crabbe accepted the invitation, saw the lady, and promptly fell in love with her. He was not then eighteen. She herself returned her lover's affection from the first, and through the following years of struggle, hardship, humiliation, and apparent failure, never faltered in her faith. At last, after ten years of waiting, these two "constant lovers" were married at the beautiful old Suffolk church of Beccles. It savours something of life's little ironies that the future poet of the poor should make his first success by winning a prize offered by the editor of a lady's magazine for a poem on "Hope." This, and other short pieces, appeared during his residence at Woodbridge; and during the latter period of his pupilage to Mr. Page he found a printer in Ipswich who was willing to take the risk of publishing a didactic satire of some 400 lines, entitled "Inebriety." From childhood Crabbe must have had ample



From an Engraving

PARHAM HALL, 1834.

After C. Stansfield.

experience of the vice of drunkenness "in the rough and reckless homes of the Aldborough poor"; but his treatment of his theme was lacking in his more mature accent of sympathy, and the poem is too palpably imitative of Pope. Moreover, "there are hardly two consecutive lines that do not suffer from a truly perverse theory of punctuation." The little quarto pamphlet, now a rare original, "Ipswich, printed and sold by C. Punchard, Bookseller in the Butter market, 1775, price one shilling and sixpence," seems to have attracted no attention. And yet, seven years later, on the publication of "The Village," with its bold realism, its "daring presentation of real life lived among all the squalor of actual poverty," its descriptions of the barren East Coast scenery, fame was at once attained; a new force had risen in English poetry. But the young apprentice-surgeon at Woodbridge was yet to face many bitter days on that barren coast, and in deeper distress in London, before winning to the place that was his by poets' birthright. The term of his Woodbridge apprenticeship having expired, he went home to Aldborough, being then one-and-twenty; and he again helped his father among the butter-tubs on Slaughden Quay, the family finances not at first allowing of his hoped-for further training at the London hospitals.

In the year of his return home we find the Aldborough Guardians appointing him as surgeon for the poor, an appointment which throws a vivid light on the plight of the parish poor in the eighteenth century. The home life, too, was darkened by the temper and intemperance of his father. After a time money was found for sending him to London, where he lodged with an Aldborough family in Whitechapel; but in a year his scanty means were exhausted and he was once more in Aldborough, as assistant to an apothecary of the name of Maskill. On the departure, within a few months, of this apothecary, Crabbe set up for himself as his successor. Poorly qualified, and with but little skill in surgery, he attracted only the poorest patients; and his prospects of earning a living seemed as far off as ever. Moreover, the occasional presence in the town of officers of Militia regiments gave him his only chance of congenial companionship. During this unhappy time Crabbe pursued keenly a study begun by him at Woodbridge—that of botany. The collection of healing herbs entered into his calling as village doctor; but in the opinion of his latest biographer the pursuit was of inestimable value in his true education as poet. "Distinctness," Canon Ainger writes, "in painting the common growth of field and hedgerow may be said to have had its origin with Crabbe"; and he



From an Engraving

ALDBOROUGH IN 1834.

After C. Stansfield.

attributes this charm, long lacking in English poetry, to "the observing eye and retentive memory thus practised in the cottage gardens, and in the lanes and meadows and marshes of Suffolk." These early Suffolk years yielded not only a close intimacy with Nature; in a nearer and more sympathetic contact with the lives and sorrows and suffering of the poor, Crabbe was "storing experience full of value for the future," though he still hesitated to "look into his heart and write." For many a weary day the young poet weighed his chances and risks, knowing that in London only could he prove whether his verse "was of a kind that men would care for," hesitating to make the adventure, without money and without friends. At last, as his son has related, he took the final resolution: "One gloomy day towards the close of the year 1779 he had strolled to a bleak and cheerless part of the cliff above Aldborough, called the Marsh Hill, brooding as he went over the humiliating necessities of his condition, and plucking every now and then, I have no doubt, the hundredth specimen of some common weed. He stopped opposite a shallow, muddy piece of water, as desolate and gloomy as his own mind, called the 'Leech-pond,' and it was while I gazed on it he said to my brother . . . 'that I determined to go to London and venture all.'" Thus by the Leech-pond he resolved to encounter

"Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty."

Thirty years later, looking back to this critical moment, he remarked that he was then unaware of the fate of "another youthful adventurer." Chatterton,

"the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,"

alone, starving, and in despair, had ended the struggle for a bare means of livelihood in his London lodgings some ten years previously. Crabbe admits that had this been known to him he



From an Engraving

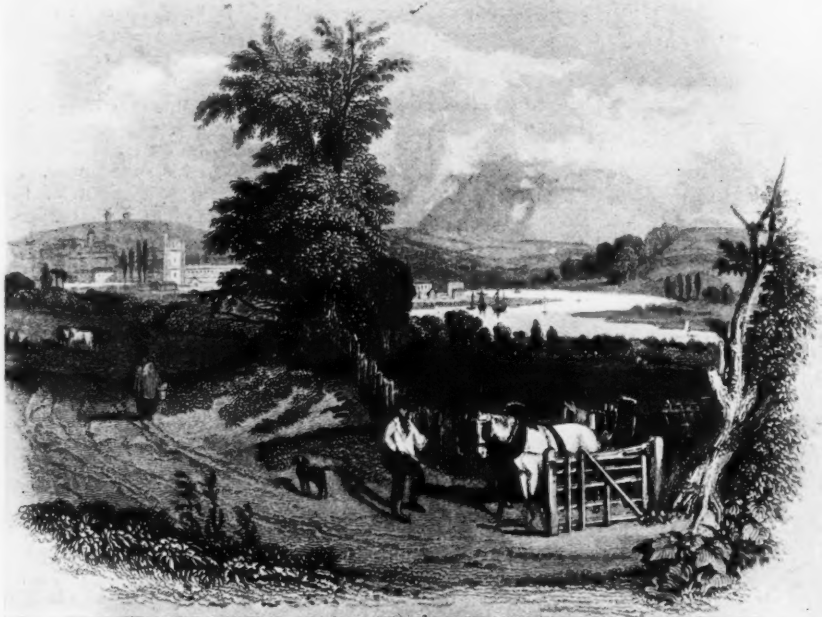
ORFORD, NEAR ALDBOROUGH, 1831.

After C. Stansfield.

apothecary of Aldborough; but the old and the new life are linked in the following lines, describing his resolution "to leave the desolate coast of his birth, and try his fortune in the city of wits and scholars," lines which he afterwards learnt had been the first to convince Burke that a new poet had arisen:

"As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread:
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;
Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried, 'Ah! hapless they who still remain—
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor!'"

G. M. GODDEN.



From an Engraving

WOODBIDGE, 1834.

After C. Stansfield.

might have failed in courage for facing a like fate. "He was, indeed, little better equipped than Chatterton had been for the enterprise." His father could give him no help; all his connections were poor; but at length a friend supplied £5. So George Crabbe, after paying his debts, set sail for London on board a sloop at Slaughden Quay, "master of a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money."

The depths of his subsequent distress, the noble and instant generosity of Burke, through which was won his first footing towards the fame that awaited him, take us far from the poor

AMONGST MOOR- LAND TROUT.

A SPLENDID sense of world possession pervades the soul of him who is afield before the rest of humanity wakes, and to the angler especially life wears a new aspect for those brief but blessed hours after sunrise. What could be sweeter than the early morning air of an upland valley before the sun has scattered the thin remnants of mist, or what fairer than some mountain tarn with the deep shadows of surrounding hills mirrored on a surface as yet unruffled by the gentlest breeze? The dew lies thick on bracken and grass down the dell, glazing the fronds of the former with a shining film that brings out their colours to the best advantage, and hangs from the points of the bents at the angler's feet as he walks down to the water-side in beads, which, if they could be strung, would outshine all more material gems; green, golden, and crimson, they ripple from colour to colour in the sun, rendering the low herbage an enchanted forest glittering with elfin fruit, ere they are drunk up with the morning vapours. Truly the charms of the moorland path before the orthodox hour of breakfast are abundant. The stillness is only broken by the rapping of woodpeckers, and their laughter as they flit with undulating flight from coppice to coppice, or the matins of thrushes who perch on the topmost points of firs and fill the hollow with their delightful madrigals.

These pleasant things are a legitimate part of the early angler's pleasure, and he notes them joyfully as he hurries to where the moorland stream, comes tumbling down through

wastes of silky cotton grass and grey rocks crowned with tall spikes of foxglove. They are the setting which makes the little drama of the day so lasting in the memory, but they are not everything, and by the time he has reached the bank he is ready for more practical work. Then he begins in earnest, dropping his flies amongst the alder roots and trailing them cunningly through the rush of cascades where fish lie in wait with heads up stream, each keeping strictly to its own chosen spot. These are the smaller fry and call for little play, most of them, indeed, going back unhurt to their homes as beneath the honour of the basket. But when the angler chances now and again upon a better fish it behoves him to be cautious.

Moorland trout, needless to say, run small on an average. Many big fish, such as the lowlands produce, could not find moving room when summer has reduced the upland stream to a chain of pools on a silver thread of water, trickling from step to step, waste to waste, down the heathery valley; yet after their kind there are often surprisingly good fish in these same isolated pools who accept a season's confinement in a few yards of deep water, and even grow lusty upon it, as the writer once knew a trout to prosper exceedingly and ripen to a handsome maturity in a little dipping well outside a Devonshire inn. That trout flourished on the alms of the inquisitive; he was called Tommy by all the parish, and you might more safely have laid rough hands on the neighbouring village beadle than have done him a wrong.

To wax great in the wilderness the hill-trout asks a rocky hollow set about with rush and cotton grass, and overhung by friendly shadows which keep him from the too prying eyes of chance passers-by. There, where the flaming red rowan berries hang over their own reflections in the still surface, and the trickle of water from above brings directly to his notice anything afloat in the eating line, he will prosper amazingly. He is a fair game for your cunning, for a stately repose hangs over his domain, and, save the shiver of the moorland breeze in the rowan leaves above, or the tremble of the harebell caps as a banded bee exploits them in turn for honey, not a thing moves within his ken. Yet if you have sufficient of the Red Indian in your nature, and a proper disregard for clothing, you may stalk him even there, knowing as you make the venture that failure will not shame, though success will endow you with cheerful thoughts for many an idle hour afterwards. A fairy dell leads up to the tyrant's stronghold, a narrow pass between rock walls thick set with lady-fern and white star flowers, while under foot the water runs away between mossy stepping-stones, rounded sponges of verdure desperately treacherous to incautious feet. Very slowly you advance, mindful even of your own shadow, until the passage opens out and there is the nameless pool at your feet, deep, black almost as ink, with a few pri-matic bubbles from the fall above floating across its surface, and a dazzle of golden green at the far end where sunshine and lady-fern make a chequered play that makes all else twilight by comparison. You feel like an adventurer at the gate of an enchanted castle as you slip on a single black gnat at the end of your finest trace, and then with a wrist movement, praying to heaven as you do so that the fish may take the glint on your rod varnish for a stray gleam of sunshine, you cast out towards the cascade.

The black gnat lights light as thistle-down amongst the bubbles, just as a live one might do, and you watch it with grim fascination as it toys with every rill and plays hide and seek amongst the spent spume drifting towards you. A hundred to nothing the big fish, if there was one here, has marked your coming and is now disdainfully reposing on the bottom. You have almost given up hoping, when something grey glimmers in the depth, the water is troubled where the fly was, and the gnat is gone! You strike, the line tightens, the rod bends down like a diviner's wand, and in

a moment of exceeding emotion you recognise that your coming was not in vain—you are fast in the big fish. Then once again it behoves the angler to remember all the good advice given a little way further back, to keep his head down and his rod point up so much as he may, and if he will do this and be patient, presently the prize comes within touch of the net, a trout of the shadows, heavy, thick, and black, whose capture will fill a page in the fisher's diary that will be often turned to in the hereafter.

Then out again into the dazzling sunshine, and on up stream, to find all the world awake to the strong life of a day which will bring other adventures with it; but none quite so sacred to delicate remembrance as those hours of the twilight when even the wild bees were but half awake, and the shadows of the hills and the gold of sunrise made of our moorland a fairy realm into which we alone were permitted to enter.

EDWIN L. ARNOLD.

SOME NOTABLE . . . METAL-WORK.

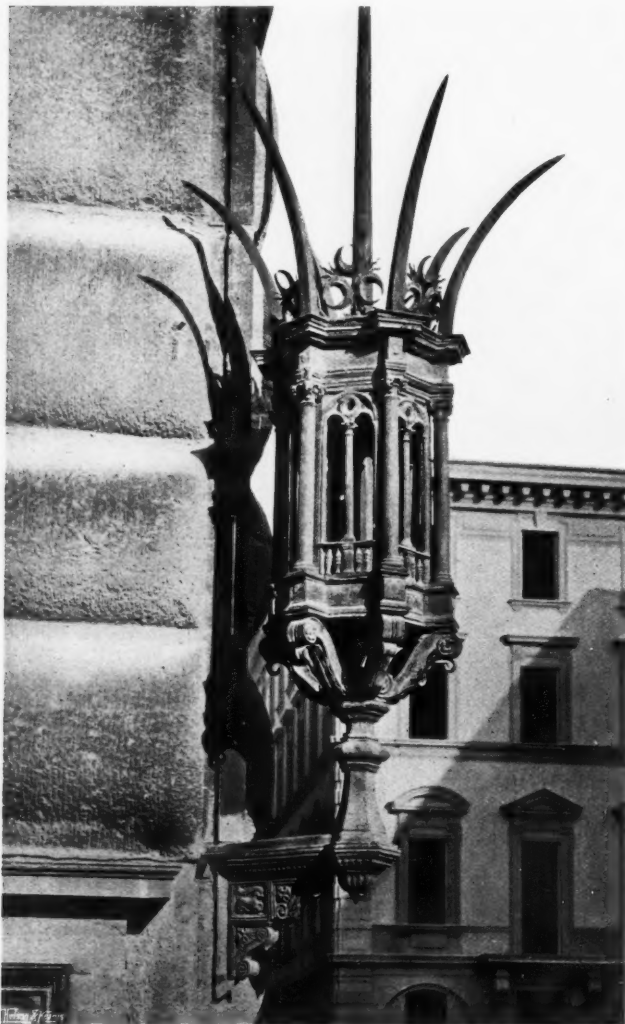
MUCH of the picturesque charm investing old streets in every part of the world is due to the incidence of light and shadow caused by the various projections which break up the frontages, due to overhanging gables, balconies, and porticoes. In old times these were supplemented by a host of minor projecting accessories sometimes seen in old pictures. These were quaint and characteristic, and many of them quite peculiar to certain localities. Among them are cornices, eaves, shelters, turrets, doorheads, gutters, spouts, rain-water heads, trophies, canopies, shrines, arms,



BRONZE BRACKET AND STANDARD-HOLDER.

cages, projecting grilles, clocks, brackets, cranes, signs, lanterns, wall anchors, tapestry-holders, banner-holders, cressets, and the like. This enumeration may conjure up recollections of many a pleasant visit to bygone towns of the Low Countries, Germany, Spain, in which some one or other of these is a prominent feature dear to the artist. But nowhere are various projections more frequent or characteristic than in such ancient towns of Italy as have preserved considerable numbers of their old buildings. It happened that the chief towns of Italy—Turin, Milan, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples—had little in common either in planning or architecture. Their people were too often hostile to each other, and their habits probably differed as widely as their chief cities. Life in the great trading cities of Tuscany was more than usually strenuous in Mediæval and Renaissance times. Busily engaged in the most advanced walks of commerce, their wealth suddenly expanded, and love of luxury and ostentation followed. A large and picturesque well-to-do middle-class came into existence, full of enterprise, and filling the cities with that kind of stir and movement and colour only to be seen to-day in the flourishing towns of the Levant. Of art, those who had wealth to spend were great patrons. There was little other outlet for it, and in cities like Venice and Florence every capable artist was sure of sufficient patronage. Evidence of a deep-seated appreciation of art is nowhere more plain than in the care and attention bestowed upon even such trivial things as the minor fixtures attached to the walls of palaces inhabited by the nobility. These are of bronze, richly worked, even to the rings to which horses were fastened whilst their riders were paying visits or transacting their business. Perhaps horses of guests were stabled in the open, and left tied to the rings for the night. Elsewhere these objects would certainly have been of iron and plain, though fit for the purpose. But in the lavish cities of Tuscany it was otherwise. Two of

d. Giorgio, who died two years previously. In design they are remarkable, the ring being of twining serpents held in a bird's claw which passes upward into a finely-modelled acanthus leaf terminating in a bold volute. Though nearly identical in design, and for the same building, they are not from the same mould, the Italians employing at that time only the wax process for works of art, necessitating the destruction of the model. In one case the crowning volute is richly decorated with fine



LANTERN AT FIRENZE BY "IL CAPARRA."

these are illustrated from Siena. They were produced under the rule of Pandolfo Petrucci the Magnificent, when Siena was in its apogee of prosperity and splendour, and in strict alliance with Florence. The great palace to which they are attached is sometimes known by its ancient name of Palazzo del Magnifico. The artist was Giacomo Cozzarello, and their date, 1508. Perhaps he was identical with Vasari's Jacopo Cozzarello, the close companion and successor of the great Siennese architect and sculptor, Francesco



BANNER-HOLDER AND HORSE-RING IN IRON.

ornament in relief, while in the other it is plainer, and thrown forward so as to accommodate a ring for a banner-staff, while a socket is fixed at the base of the scroll. One of them thus serves a double purpose. These must have been seen and admired by Cellini when at work in Siena as a goldsmith, if not on his later visit when he arrived mounted with four attendants in shirts and sleeves of mail, and became involved in a scuffle with the postmaster, whom he left dead. When even an artist was so attended, a plentiful supply of horse-rings must have been needed. Though bronze was preferred in Italy and iron little regarded by artists, there was one notable exception in the person of Niccolò Grosso, a Florentine, born in 1455 and died in 1509. He was called "Il Caparra" by Lorenzo de' Medici, from his habit of demanding payment in advance. Vasari thought highly of him, and pays him the tribute of being unique in his calling, without an equal in the past, and probably not to be excelled in the future. Two illustrations of this remarkable man's work are given, both attached to the walls of the old Strozzi Palace in Florence. The one is a banner-holder and horse-ring combined, in beaten iron. The ring is elegantly fluted, broken by a spiked knob, and it passes through or beneath the body of a squatting monster, with long armour-plated neck and dragon's wings, and human head with wavy hair bound by a fillet. The figure rests on a finely-worked bracket, and between its claws is a fluted vase-like socket, and between the teeth a ring on a stem held like a tobacco pipe. The profile of a second and different example is seen in the illustration. A further illustration is of one of the well-known *fanti* or lanterns by the same master, several of which exist on the walls of the Strozzi and Guadagni palaces in Florence. They all differ in design, and they cannot be better described than in the words translated from Vasari, "In each are to be seen cornices, columns, and capitals in iron, constructed with the most surprising and masterly skill." He adds that no modern artificer has executed works in iron so large and so difficult, with

knowledge and ability equal to that displayed by Caparra. These *fanali* and *reggi-standardo* were only allowed as a mark of great distinction to the few. Other examples are happily still preserved in the Palazzi Quaratesi of Riccardi and Borgherini, and the quaint little beaten iron Diavolo of the Merchato Vecchio still gapes and grins from his perch as he has done for five centuries, in spite of the great havoc made by an ignorant municipality.

J. STARKIE GARDNER.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE PLANTING OF NARCISSI.

NO one has a greater knowledge of the Narcissus than the Rev. G. Engleheart, whose beautiful hybrids are a source of wonder and delight to the Daffodil-lover, and, of course, any advice he tenders on the subject that he has made peculiarly his own is invaluable. In an article in the *Garden* some time ago the following hints were given, and should be taken to heart now: "It is always a discomfort to me to find my planting of these bulbs prolonged into September. Undoubtedly, the results are more satisfactory, as a general rule, last day of August. I find people still surprised at this statement, for they have always associated bulb planting with October or even November days, after their return from August and September holidays. And it is difficult to get Narcissi from the trade before September, since it is obviously convenient to issue one bulb list and make one job of Narcissi, Hyacinths, Tulips, etc. Narcissi, too, are long-suffering things, and it is easy enough to show bunches of good flowers from late plantations as evidence against the necessity of such early planting. But I write for those who are not content with mediocrity, and it is impossible to obtain the best flowers from late-planted bulbs, and the weight of bulb increase is altogether inferior. It is to be observed that the dealers always plant their own newest and most valuable stocks as early as possible. There are occasional exceptions to this rule of summer planting. If a soil becomes quite dry to a considerable depth in a hot July and August, it is better to wait for rain. On the other hand, it is, of course, unwise to plant when the ground is wet and sticky. But nearly always and everywhere Narcissi are kept out of the ground a full month too late. The poeticus should be planted first, for its habit in all its varieties is to start into fresh root-growth almost before the leaf is withered. Next let the hybrids containing poeticus blood be planted, and then the trumpets; but some even of these last—e.g. *Horsfieldi*—deteriorate rapidly after September, losing their solidity and becoming light and husky. An earthen floor in a dry shed is the best place for keeping bulbs in condition when they must be kept out of ground, and I have found it beneficial to throw some soil not quite dry among them, and turn them about now and then."

THE BLACK CURRANT DISEASE.

We have received serious complaints of the ravages of the Black Currant disease, which threatens to bring the cultivation of this wholesome fruit to a stop. It is caused by a mite which infests the buds and hinders their development. Professor Wilson, who has studied these pests minutely, gave the following useful advice in the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society* of 1900, and from it may be gained an idea of the seriousness of the mischief: "The removal and destruction of the buds is, of course, an evident means of killing multitudes of the enclosed mites, but it gives no more than a temporary check to the disease, and is too expensive to carry out in large plots. Spraying with insecticides cannot affect the mites when ensconced in the buds. This would be of service when the mites have left the dead and dying buds, and are moving to new ones; but if fruit were present it would be liable to be damaged by the fluids applied. No natural enemies of the mites with which we could ally ourselves have been discovered. Cutting back the bushes so as to get fresh clean shoots has seldom been found satisfactory. This practice has proved fairly successful occasionally when the bushes have been cut close down so as to cause them to bud and send up new branches from beneath the surface of the soil, quicklime being spread pretty thickly over the stumps and the ground around them. The removal of the surface soil and the substitution of fresh earth might be suggested as an additional safeguard. We do

not know for certain of any variety of Currant being less subject to attack than others; nor has it been shown that special cultural conditions would induce constitutional peculiarities in the plants tending to render them immune or less readily attacked. We are thus in the meantime left with only one reliable course of action, viz., eradication and destruction by burning of the infested bushes. It would be a wise precaution to apply gaslime to the ground after lifting the bushes, and to refrain from planting Black Currants there again for a season or two. In planting it would be well, wherever practicable, to place the Currant bushes in rows, with some other kind of bushes or crops between, so as to minimise the possibility of the spread of infection in at least two directions. Great care should be exercised in the selection of healthy stock for propagation." At the planting season these wise words should not be forgotten. The bushes should be purchased from a nursery which is known to be absolutely free from the Black Currant mite.

RANDOM NOTES.

The Blue Syrian Mallow.—The most beautiful shrub flowering now is the variety of the Syrian Mallow (*Althæa* or *Hibiscus syriacus*) called *Celeste*. The flowers are of a deep shining blue colour, and may be seen from a considerable distance, their intense colouring setting off the dark crimson base. *Totus albus* is the double white, and these two, we think, may be regarded as the finest of the *Althæas*, which appeal strongly to the gardener who wishes for flowering shrubs on the threshold of autumn. The growth is generally very compact, and flowers are produced in abundance.

Tuberous Begonias and the Large-leaved Saxifrage.—We noticed lately in a Surrey garden an association of two plants which do not at first sight suggest a happy companionship. They formed a bold edging to a shrubby bed, and gave just the right note of colour in the right place. The Begonia was a deep crimson self, and made a brilliant show, with the flowers appearing above the leathery foliage of the Saxifrage. Begonia foliage is not usually very beautiful, and that of the Saxifrage compensates for shortcomings in this direction.

The Blue Ipomæa.—We are sorry to see very little use made in English gardens of the *Ipomæa rubro cærulea*, which is the blue *Convolvulus*, and more beautiful than any of the annual kinds. The clear blue is a shade which we do not remember to have seen in any other flower, and the growth is sufficiently vigorous to warrant a conspicuous place for this queen of the more moderate climbers. It is a delightful plant for a warm wall, and succeeds in Southern gardens, where the climate is more suitable to it than in the North. The seeds should be sown in gentle heat in February, and the seedlings brought along in pots. Where the climate is too cold for the plant in the open, it may be grown under glass in a warm house. A well-known gardener gives the following hints for its culture under these conditions: "This is one of the most useful of our stove climbers, not only from an ornamental point of view as a climber, but also for cutting for table decoration, for which it is admirably adapted. By sowing seeds about July or August it will come into flower early in

November, lasting till the end of January, a season when its flowers are greatly appreciated. The seeds should be sown singly in 3in. pots, and subsequently transferred to 8in. or 10in. pots at suitable intervals. The plants may be trained up wires or strings, and the growths must be kept constantly regulated, or they will soon grow into a dense mass. Syringe the plants frequently to ward off the attacks of red spider, which, if allowed to get a footing, will quickly strip them of their foliage."

Hollyhock Fink Beauty.—It is not strange that the florist of the old school should be wedded to the Hollyhocks with flowers of faultless form according to carefully-conceived rules, and that those of a purely-decorative character are passed over. An instance of this occurred recently at a meeting of the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, when the Hollyhock of T. Bennett-Poë, which, however, seems identical with *Fink Beauty*, was submitted for an award. It was lost through the flower not having sufficient form; but in all gardens where this is planted it has given the greatest pleasure. The large groups of it at Kew were as fine as anything we have seen in the month of August. The flowers are of the purest possible pink, and have broad guard florets, which have a certain dignity, and remove that lumpiness so characteristic of the Hollyhock with a large bulky centre and short outer florets. It is not generally known that the most appropriate month for planting Hollyhocks in the Southern part of the country is September, but in the North it is wiser to wait until spring. The plants come fairly true to colour from seed.



METAL-WORK BY COZZARELLO AT SIENA.



IN a county that is distinguished by the possession of great places like Sandringham and Holkham, the hall of Melton Constable deservedly stands high in a class that is conspicuously pre-eminent. Here for centuries has been seated the distinguished family of Astley, to which, in comparatively recent times, by the termination of an abeyance, which had lasted 450 years, has descended the ancient barony of Hastings, created in 1264 by writ from Sir Simon de Montfort, and renewed in 1290 by King Edward I. The recognised founder of the family was Sir Thomas de Astley, descended from Philip de Astley or Estele, Lord of Estele in Warwickshire, as may be read at large in the authoritative pages of Dugdale. Sir Thomas was one of the King's justices, but, taking part with Simon de Montfort and the barons, he was slain in the sanguinary battle of Evesham in 1265. He bore upon his azure shield three cinquefoils pierced, and he quartered with those arms the lion rampant gules upon an argent field of the Constables, through his marriage with Editha, daughter of Peter Constable, whose name and office of constable under the Bishop of Norwich had given name to Melton Constable, the lady being also the sister and co-heiress of Sir Robert Constable. By this marriage the Norfolk estate came to the Astleys, and from it descended, in the eleventh or twelfth generation, the well-known Sir Jacob Astley, first baronet, who built about 1660 the existing Melton Constable

Hall, over whose doorway may be seen the ancient quartered arms which marked his descent.

It were a vain thing to speculate as to the character of the house or successive houses in which the Astleys lived at Melton Constable during their long possession of the place. As well might we speculate as to the dwelling-house of the original Anchitel, the provost or constable, from whom, through the distaff, the Astleys derived their Norfolk inheritance. Let us therefore pass briefly in review some things that may add interest to the place in the long years that elapsed before the classic house rose upon the site. Blomfield, the careful historian of Norfolk, records the generations of the Astleys, but we may pass over them until we arrive at Thomas Astley, seventh in direct descent from the original Sir Thomas. This later Thomas had two sons, one bearing his own name, and the other the celebrated Sir Jacob Astley, who bore a distinguished part among the Cavaliers in the Civil War, and whose buff coat, richly overlaid with gold and silver lace, embroidered vest, and sword-belt are among the most interesting of the possessions of Melton Constable, the suit forming probably the most complete and striking specimen now in existence of the military costume of the Cavaliers in the Civil War.

Sir Jacob Astley was one of those soldiers who had learned their trade in the Netherlands, the cockpit of Europe, where





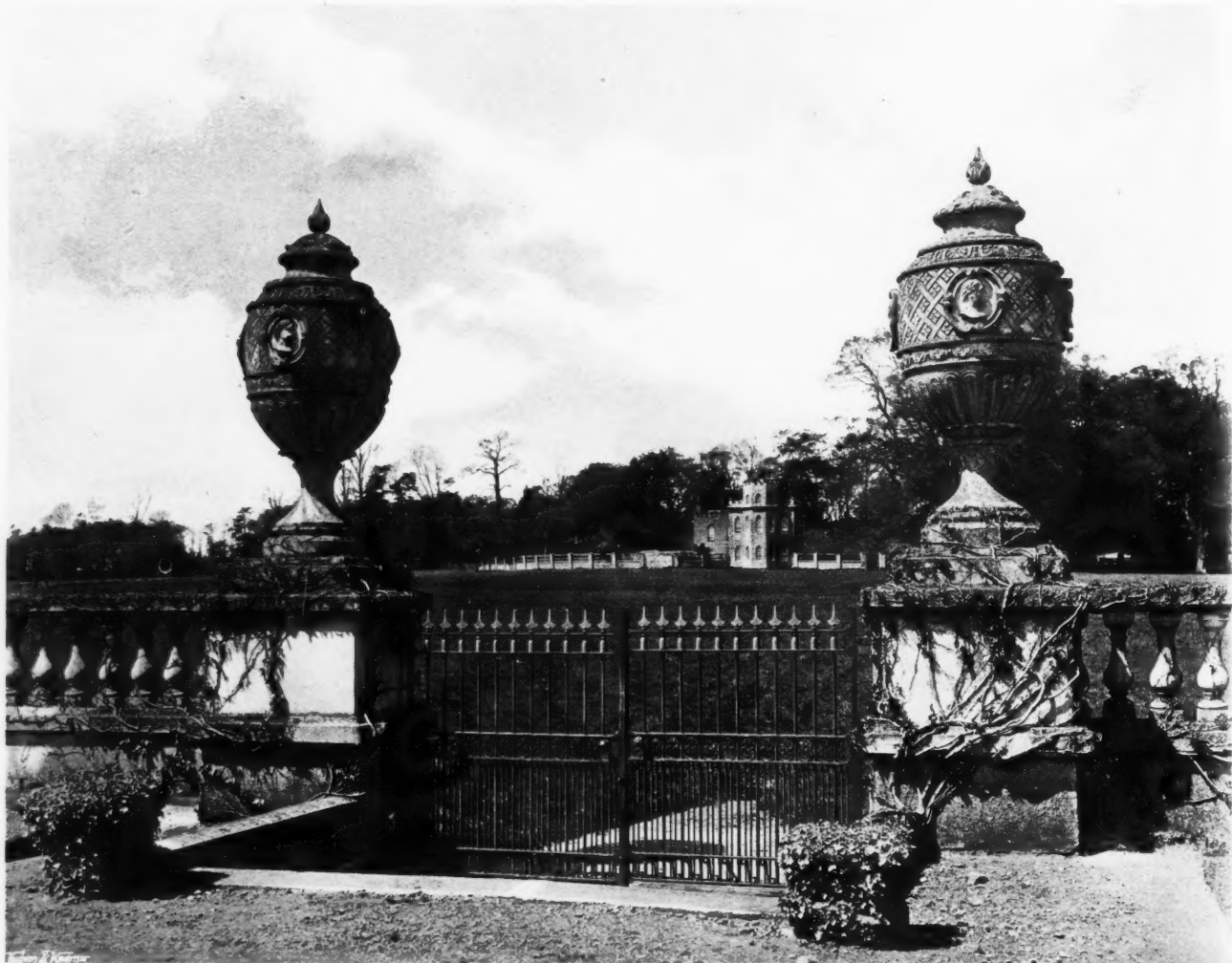
SOUTH FACADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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much hard fighting was always going on. His schooling had been under Counts Maurice and Henry, and subsequently he took service under Gustavus Adolphus. He was at the battle of Nieuport in 1599, and many years later at the great siege of Ostend. Many of the men who rose to prominence in the Civil War had come from that school, and Dugald Dalgety was one of the types it furnished, as conceived by Sir Walter Scott. Sir Jacob was made Governor of Plymouth, his character and experience giving him authority, and he was summoned to various councils of war, and was an important soldier of the time. In 1639 he went to Newcastle as sergeant-major, to provide against the expected Scottish invasion, and it is his uniform as sergeant-major—that rank being one of far higher position than the sergeant-major of the present day—which is preserved at Melton Constable. He was diligently attentive to all the details of military preparation, and kept up a constant correspondence with the council. It is on record that his patience was tried by the Puritans, whose meetings he broke up, though he refrained from prosecuting them, because they were poor men, “mostly bancroftes,” though he thought that “if a fat Puritan could be laid hold of it were best to punish him.” Sir Jacob was busy

1659, but his nephew, Sir Jacob, who succeeded to the estates, received a new baronetcy in the following year. This gentleman, who acted as Sheriff of Norfolk and represented the county in Parliament for forty years, succeeded to the property of his uncle, and to the entailed lands of the first Lord Astley. He it was who built the present hall of Melton Constable, or rather the older main block illustrated in several of our pictures. It was a notable place in his time, standing in a large park in which were several considerable ponds, beside fine avenues, and the place was well stored with game. The building is of brick and stone, stately and imposing, with a simple classic character. It has undergone various changes, and a fine addition has been made by constructing a corridor over roof, long, with an attractive exterior, connecting the house with a wing on the site of the older hall. The structure raised by Sir Jacob Astley bears upon it the stamp of the late seventeenth century. Its south front is divided into three compartments, of which the one in the centre projects slightly, and there are plain but handsome windows and an Ionic doorway from which is a double descent to the terrace. The whole is crested by a cornice, above which rises a pediment with the arms which have been described,



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TO THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

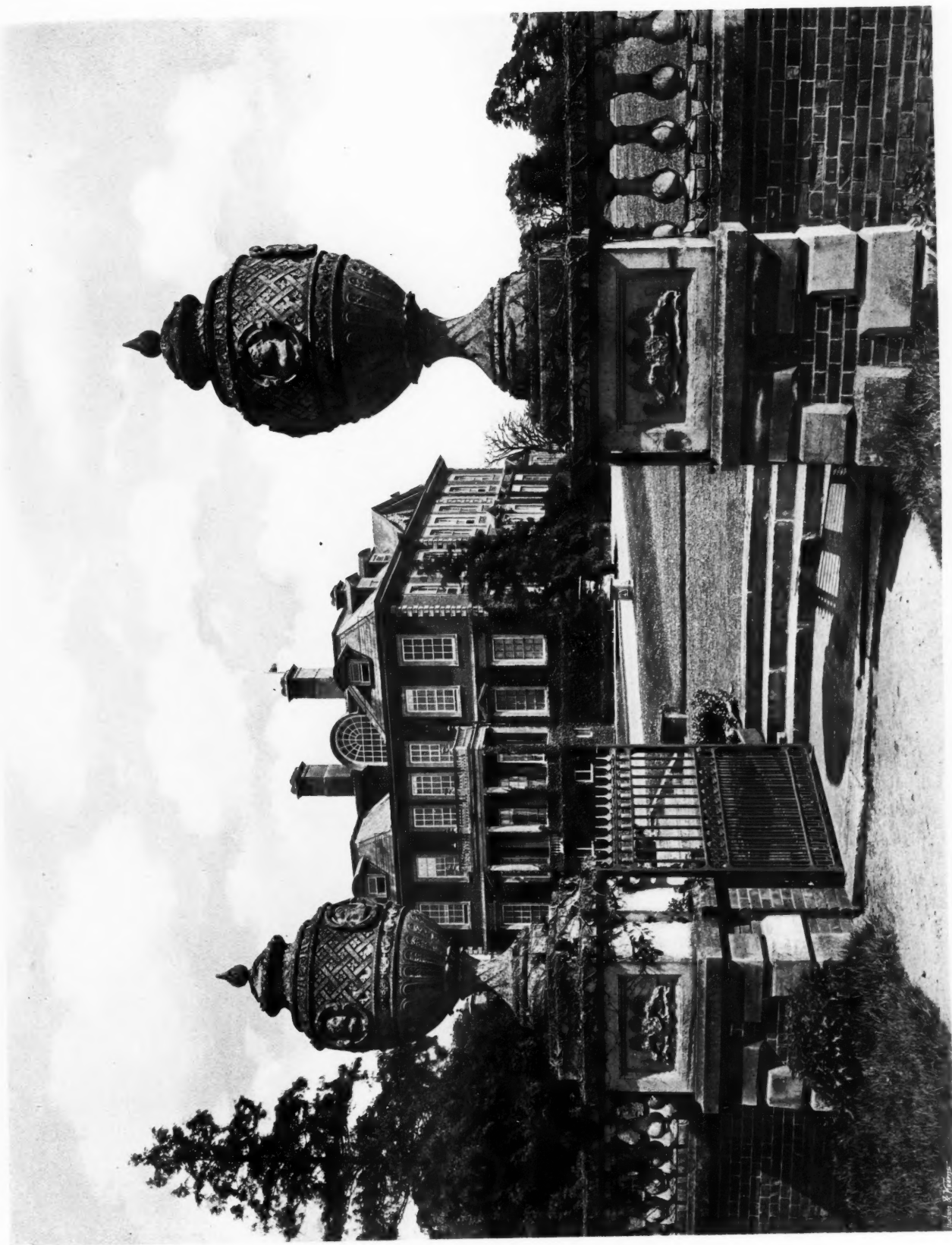
"COUNTRY LIFE."

at Berwick and York in settling dissensions, and again in 1641 he was acting as sergeant-major. In August, 1642, he left Plymouth for Nottingham to join the King, who made him major-general of foot, “a man as fit for that office as Christendom yielded,” says Clarendon. Astley was “hurt” at Edgehill, he commanded a division at Gloucester, he occupied Reading, and he defended Glosworth Bridge against Essex, and the purloins of Shaw House against the repeated attacks of Manchester. He commanded the infantry in the second battle of Newbury, and led the main body of foot at Naseby. His last stand was in 1646 at Stow-on-the-Wold, where he was defeated by Brereton and taken prisoner. One of his sons fell at the siege of Bristol, and the old soldier had to compound for his estate and give his parole not to serve any more against the Parliament. Sir Jacob was raised to the peerage as Baron Astley of Reading, and was succeeded in the title by his son and grandson, Isaac and Jacob, the latter dying in 1668, when the barony became extinct.

We may now return to the elder brother of the stout Cavalier, whose son was Sir Isaac Astley of Melton Constable and Hill Morton, who received a baronetcy on January 21st, 1642, being knighted on the same day. His honour expired with him in

while the roof composes happily with the lines of the structure. From this block the wing extends eastward, and has an attractive Ionic four-columned portico or balcony with balustrade, cornice, and pediment, wherein is the crest of the Astleys, being a plume of five feathers rising out of a ducal coronet, with the motto “Justitiæ tenax.” It will be noticed that handsome climbers add grace to the classic form of this structure. The west front of the house has also a fine Ionic balustraded balcony, crested with another balustrade, which is adorned with urns, making a gallery to the upper floor. The north front is not less good in its bold classic features.

The drawing-room, of which the interior is illustrated, is the most interesting chamber in the house, and is very imposing and of fine proportions. The ceiling of plaster is richly moulded and sculptured with flowers, bunches of grapes, and other fruit, as well as scrolls. Here may be seen the quartered arms which Sir Jacob Astley proudly bore, as well as his singular crest, resembling that of the Prince of Wales, and his cypher. The house is enriched with many fine pictures, and has a noble armoury, and a rare array of mediæval antiquities, and it is famous for its very splendid collection of china. Among its



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TO THE HALL.

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"COUNTRY LIFE,"

NORTH-WEST FRONT.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

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treasures are a pair of dress gloves which Queen Elizabeth is said to have presented to Sir John Astley, and a cushion-cover, also believed to have been embroidered by her own hands.

Sir Jacob Astley the builder was succeeded by Sir Philip, and he by Sir Jacob, the third baronet, who married Lucy, youngest daughter of Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, baronet, of Hunstanton, and co-heiress of her brother Sir Henry L'Estrange, through whom came to the Astleys the co-heirship of the barony of Hastings, and it will be noticed, in one of our pictures of the garden, that upon the gate-posts are sculptured the "maunch" of Hastings, and the two lions passant of L'Estrange quartered with the arms of the original Sir Jacob. The fourth baronet, Sir Edward, represented Norfolk in Parliament for twenty-four years, and his son Sir Jacob for twenty years. It was in the person of Sir Jacob, the sixth baronet, that the ancient barony of Hastings was called out of abeyance in 1841. The present peer was for some time regarded as the twelfth, but he is now recognised to be twenty-first, in descent from the first baron.

Melton Constable is boldly situated upon an eminence surveying a wide country, which is well wooded and attractive,

red-polled cattle, its stud of Shire horses, and its Tamworth pigs. Thus, in history, architectural character, and modern perfections and interest, Melton Constable deservedly ranks very high among the great places of Norfolk.

RECLAIMING THE MARSH.

EVERY winter a visitor to a hamlet on the Lincolnshire coast hears with dread of devastating high tides, and every summer, on his arrival, he hurries to a point of vantage to see how much of the well-remembered sand-hills has been washed away, and how the protecting breakwaters have withstood the sea's attack. For many years the fight has gone one way. But this year's record tells of a victory won by the land against its old enemy. A small tract, long abandoned as a sea-marsh, has been successfully drained, and is now under process of cultivation. On a winter's night long ago a high tide broke through the banks and flooded a piece of land some three-quarters of a mile long by a quarter of a mile broad, stretching to where an



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CEILING OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and within the prospect is included a view of the sea to the north. The ground rises for some miles around the house, and from the roof there is a most extensive outlook to the east, south, and west. The park is some four miles in circumference, and was judiciously improved and embellished about a century ago. A great sheet of water unites with rich plantations, rendering the spot one of the most pleasing in the county. Since that time a great deal has been done to the park and the garden, and to the buildings which embellish them. There are fine terraces, verdant lawns, belts of beautiful ornamental trees, and many other attractions. The foliage is superb, and judicious hands have ensured variety of hue and character. The special features of the grounds are, however, seen very well in the pictures, and shall not be further described. The park is well stocked with red and fallow deer, and was, we believe, the second park in England in which the former were introduced. The Swanton Great Wood forms a well-known preserve for woodcock-shooting. The stud farm and paddocks which adjoin the park are perfect in arrangement, and are celebrated as the birthplace of Melton, the Derby winner. The home farm is also notable with its herd of

inner bank of stones and earth had been wisely built. Three houses stood on this strip of land. The inhabitants shared the fate of the famous Mrs. Partington, and were washed out of home and holding. Legend has it that their bedding was dug out of the sands weeks after, and a small grindstone rolled by the under-currents was picked up from the beach half a mile away. So much of the houses as would serve for rebuilding purposes was pulled down and the remainder abandoned to the sea. A lagoon was formed which never dried up, but received fresh floods from the highest of the spring tides. So the marsh remained for forty years, until the task of reclaiming the land was taken in hand at last and draining was commenced. But first must be made a barrier strong enough to keep out the sea, or the landowner might arrive one morning to find his labour made vain by the first high tide. The sea had found a weak spot in the sand-bank, and had gradually widened it until a passage comparatively easy had been formed. The first steps taken towards blocking this passage seemed almost too simple and small—some slight embankment of sand raised and a row of stakes driven in until a fence some 2ft. in height appeared. But the landgreen e

knew that the tide which washes away the sand from one barrier will deposit it upon another. Slowly the little heap of sand thickened and grew, then sticks and pieces of seaweed, left on the shore by the tide and driven by the wind, lodged on the fence, and more sand caught in the weeds and stayed to strengthen the barrier. So two years passed, whilst the sea was kept out and the work of draining carried on. Dykes were made which carried off the water to a larger drain a mile away. The first summer saw the lagoon a mud-flat, dried and cracked upon the

surface by the sun's heat, but soft and treacherous beneath, as the unwary seeker after "short cuts" found to his cost. Draining was now carried on by pipes. Now cultivation is in full swing. Where the surface bears the weight of horses the plough has been used and oats sown. Elsewhere hand labour has been employed and potatoes planted. The visitor's next view may show him the work completed, and patches of oats waving as they are ruffled by the wind blowing in from the sea.

THE CASTLE HILL STUD OF SHIRE HORSES.

THE Castle Hill Stud is situated, as its name implies, on the high land which borders Delamere Forest, from whence one looks out over the wide expanse of the valley of the Dee. Mr. John W. Kenworthy has exercised a wise judgment in this choice of a locality for his stud, for the situation is very healthy, and the land is eminently adapted for the rearing and breeding of all sorts of stock. The stud embraces an extent of 200 acres, divided up into paddocks of about twenty acres each; there is plenty of shelter and shade for the mares and foals, and an ample supply of wholesome water is derived from a well some 300ft. in depth. The stud buildings include twenty-five well-planned boxes, built of the best pressed bricks, and all the fittings are of a thoroughly practical nature. These boxes vary in size; the stallion boxes are exceptionally roomy and lofty, and those set apart for the mares with foals are large enough to allow the inmates plenty of liberty of movement. Quite a feature of the stables is the thorough ventilation which obtains throughout all the buildings; the thatching employed as a lining for the inside of the open roofs has many advantages for the purpose, not the least of which is that it constitutes an efficient means for maintaining an even temperature. In the opinion of the writer, however, there is the disadvantage attendant on this system of roofing that, should any disease break out in the stable, the germs are often



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APOSTLE.

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retained in the thatch, and are only too ready to reappear when circumstances favour their development. There is a well-known case on record, in which, in spite of every possible care and precaution, the inmates of a well-known racing stable were constantly attacked by a species of low fever, which was only completely got rid of when the old thatching was pulled down and burned. Hand-beaten clay, well bedded with moss litter, is used for the flooring of the Castle Hill boxes. The golden maxims of good food and plenty of air and exercise are fully recognised, and the healthy condition of all the stock testifies to the success of the system employed in their quarters.

Mr. Kenworthy takes the keenest interest not only in his own stud, but in the breed of Shire horses as such, and no efforts on his part are wanting to effect a still further improvement in the type of these animals, which, in his opinion, should combine great activity and muscular power with that weightiness which is an essential characteristic of the Shire horse. The Cheshire farmers are proverbially known as excellent judges of horseflesh, and the extensive patronage given to the light stallions from the Castle Hill Stud, which travel the surrounding districts, is in itself a testimony to their useful qualities; to say nothing of the fact that since James Cliff came to Castle Hill some ten years ago, in the capacity of manager of the stud, over 500 prizes have been won in open competition at all the leading shows.



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MATCHLESS WAITER.

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Among the travelling stallions are Rokeby Portland (15798), a bay horse foaled in 1894, by Harold (3703) out of Lily (10335); although fourteen years old, he carries himself as jauntily as ever, and makes a capital show on parade; his limbs are still perfectly clean and sound, and his stock are nearly all prize-winners; Delamere Surprise (17929), by Harold (3703), his dam Essex Beauty (9941), a brown horse foaled in 1897; himself the winner of twenty prizes, his services are much sought after in the district; Baldock Conqueror (19297), a well-coloured dark bay horse, foaled in 1900, with plenty of bone, is by Blythwood Conqueror (14997), out of Baldock Bonnie Princess (21246); Delamere Warrior (20414), by Crofton Matchless (15567) out of Delamere Victrix (25793), placed fourth in London this year; he is a fine free goer, with plenty of substance and no



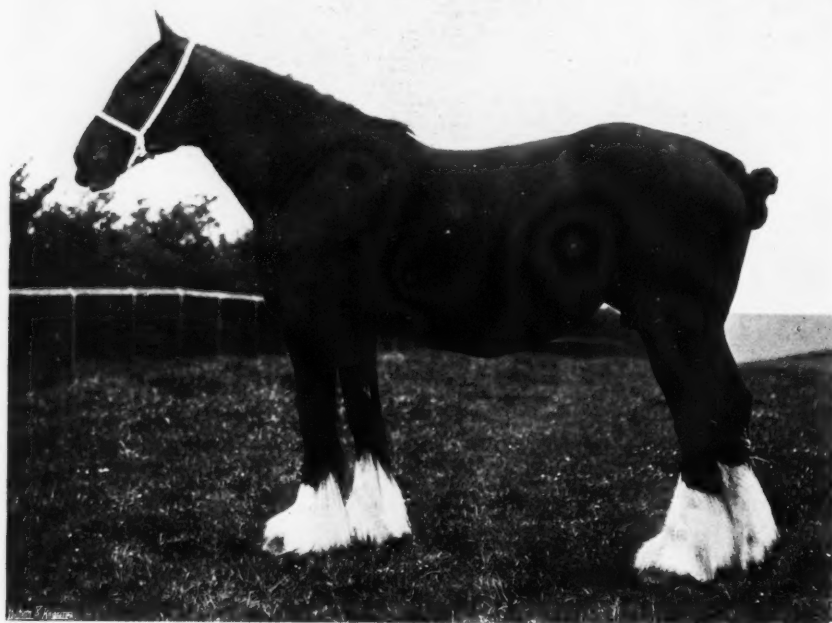
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A WELL-SHELTERED Paddock.

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makes a good show. He is a nicely-balanced youngster, and stands on good feet, with plenty of feather, and is, taking him all round, a smart young horse with plenty of scope for improvement. Delamere Rector, a black three year old, foaled in 1902, is full of quality, stands on short legs, and has a marked resemblance to his sire, Apostle (14455), who, in spite of his fourteen years, is as fresh as many a younger horse, and is an excellent stock getter. He has won some sixteen prizes in the show-ring, and has the somewhat remarkable record of having been first in the London Shire Horse Show in 1892, and second in the same show in 1900. Delamere Sprig, a bay horse by Delamere Surprise out of Moulton Bangle, foaled in 1900, completes the list of the Castle Hill stallions; he carries himself with great fire in the ring, is a very good-topped horse, and shows a lot of quality.

In addition to the stallions, Mr. Kenworthy's stud comprises sixteen brood mares, amongst whom is Ercale Countess (12251), the winner of prizes innumerable, including forty firsts, and twelve championships. She is a really beautiful specimen of a Shire brood mare, and has a rare sturdy foal by Matchless Waiter. Another good stamp of mare to breed from is Delamere Star (31681); she is the dam of Delamere Three Star, who has already been mentioned, and of a very promising yearling colt by Baldock Conqueror, a very compact, short-legged youngster indeed, with plenty of weight and quality. Mere Lofty (18589) is a fine, well-grown black mare, rather over 17h., and is in foal to Matchless Waiter; and Moulton Bangle (22200), a nice young bay mare, is in foal to the same sire. The brown yearling filly by Delamere Surprise out of Tatton Bute is quite a nice sort, with plenty of length, and a fair



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MERE LOFTY.

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lack of stallion character, and is decidedly a nice four year old; and Blythwood Spark (16532), a bay horse foaled in 1896, by Blythwood Conqueror (14997) out of Sparklike (7076).

The stud horse in residence at home is Matchless Waiter (21649), a bay horse foaled in 1901, by Crofton Matchless (15567), his dam Waitress (13747), by King John; there are few better Shire horses of his age. Last year he was easily first at the Cheshire Show, and filled the same place in the list of honours at Altrincham, and it was a source of much disappointment that he was unable to come to the London Show this year. He is a well-topped horse, with tremendous muscular loins and quarters, great bone, and very good feet, and is a very true and level mover. He has made great improvement since last year, and should hold his own in the very highest class. Delamere Three Star, by Delamere Combination out of Delamere Star, by Monaco, is a stylish two year old, and



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DELAMERE STAR AND FOAL.

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amount of quality, and a short-coupled, true-made bay filly by Lockinge Manners out of a Crofton Matchless mare has every appearance of growing into a good prize-winner. Then there are a good-looking black filly by Delamere Surprise out of Delamere Lady Abbess, and a stylish chestnut filly by the same sire out of Bute.

In a field near the house several of the matrons of the stud were placidly enjoying themselves, and amongst the fillies and barren mares in an adjoining paddock was Black Negress, by Delamere Surprise out of Delamere Lady Abbess. Such studs as that of Mr. Kenworthy are of the greatest service to the country, and his unstinted efforts to improve the breed of stud horses in the county are widely appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. T. H. B.

BATH & HER POETS

EVERYTHING at Bath has a history, and, delightful as modern Bath is, it would be far less delightful were not every street and every stone in it hallowed by association with famous men in the arts, in literature, in politics, and in all branches of mental activity. The Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, no less than everything else

in the Queen of the West, has its history, and that no brief or mean one. It was in 1790 that the "Philosophic Institution" was founded, the oldest, with the exception of one at Manchester, in England. What an eighteenth-century ring there is about that title—"Philosophic Institution"! But the world was beginning to wake. Only the year before a young Winchester and Oxford scholar of the name of William Lisle Bowles, stealing into the shop of Mr. Cruttwell, the famous bookseller and publisher of Bath, had offered him with diffidence fourteen sonnets, which disappointed love and the beauties of Nature, brooded over during a long walking tour, had inspired, and had paid him £5 for the printing of 100 quarto copies. Those sonnets, which we are all inclined to neglect nowadays, leaped into fame. The young men of England seized on them. They struck a new note and opened up poetic vistas all but undreamed of before, though Cowper and Burns had already written. Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth, all owed to them much of the emancipation which made their future greatness possible. Coleridge, then a youth of seventeen, and too poor to buy the slim pamphlet, copied the poems for himself and his friends more than forty times over in eighteen months.

The success of those sonnets marked the turning-point when the formal and conventional gave way to the fresh and natural; and it is not, perhaps, fanciful to see a sign of the close of the same movement in the change of title which came over the "Philosophic Institution" of Bath. In January, 1825, there was inaugurated in a new building, built by Lord Manvers at the suggestion of Lord Lansdowne, the "Literary Institution" of Bath. At the inauguration ceremonies there were three poets present—the William Lisle Bowles we have mentioned, then rector of Bremhill in Wilts and chaplain to the Prince Regent, and soon to be Canon Salisbury; Thomas Moore, who had been visiting Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, and had come often to Bath to see Sheridan's sister, Mrs. Le Fanu, about the "Life of Sheridan" which he published that same year; and George Crabbe, who after his years of suffering and hardship in and near his native town of Aldborough had at last been rescued from starvation by Edmund Burke, had made fame and fortune by his poems, and was now rector of Trowbridge, where to this day his merit as a man is held in affectionate remembrance.

When Walter Savage Landor was asked to become a member of this same Literary Institution, he replied, with characteristic rudeness, that he did not know there were any literary men in Bath. Not so with Bowles, Moore, and Crabbe. They all loved Bath, as their letters testify. The naïve poet of simple, natural feeling, with whom the lyrical poetry of the

nineteenth century began; the tuneful jingler of sentimental rhymes to whom the woes of his dear Erin were, like the imagined woes of his heart, so much matter for flowing rhymes; and the poet who will outlive them both, the austere, matter-of-fact observer of the life of the poor, with his sturdy devotion to the bare truth and his rough but vivid verse—all were members of the Institution, and all came to its opening ceremonies. It was therefore a happy idea on the part of Mr. George Gregory, who fills in modern Bath the place occupied in old Bath by the esteemed and beneficent Cruttwell, that the fact should be commemorated by the erection of a mural tablet in the wall of the Royal Literary and Scientific Institution. The tablet which was unveiled a few days ago is one of the most appropriate and interesting in a city the walls and floor of whose abbey are covered with monuments, and which has erected no less than twenty-nine commemorative tablets to men of letters in the last seven years. The tablet is very plain, and bears the following inscription: "The Poets George Crabbe, 1754-1832, W. Lisle Bowles, 1762-1850, Thomas Moore, 1779-1852, took part in the inauguration of this Institution, January 19th, 1825. Erected September 2nd, MDCCCXV." The ceremony of unveiling the tablet was performed by M. René



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BLACK NEGRESS.

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Huchon, Professor at the University of Nancy, a critic who has made a special study of Crabbe and his works, and has a life of the poet in the press. His speech showed a knowledge of English literature and a command of English style which many an English professor might envy, and Bath, which wisely makes a point of commemorating her own varied and picturesque history (a history that might be studied to advantage in the selections from Mr. Broadley's "Bath Collection" of prints, drawings, letters, etc., which were on view in the Guildhall), will have a particular reason for looking back on this ceremony with interest. True, none of the three poets was, properly speaking, a Wiltshire poet; indeed, as M. Huchon remarked, it might be said of them all that they had been poets till they came to Wiltshire. Bowles was born at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire; Moore in Aungier Street, Dublin; and Crabbe in Aldborough; but Bowles published in Bath, and spent most of his life in the county of Wilts; Crabbe's memory is nowhere so fondly cherished as in Trowbridge, and Bath was the spot at which they all three met. If Bath in honouring them is also doing honour to herself, there is no one who will grudge it to so careful a custodian of memories.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE RETURN OF THE WADERS.

TO the wanderer by the seashore who is in the habit of keeping his eyes open, nothing is more delightful or more interesting than the return of the various wading birds from their breeding quarters in the far North. The "North" is a somewhat elastic phrase, as Pope long since reminded us:

"Ask where's the North?—at York, 'tis on the Tweed,
In Scotland at the Orcaes, and there,
At Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

But for the purposes of our far-wandering British waders it may be defined as from the North of Scotland to far within the Arctic circle. The green sand-piper, it is true, is suspected of breeding occasionally in England, while the black-tailed godwit and one or two other species still occasionally nest with us; but the vast majority of this group prefer to make a much more extended trek, even than to the North of Scotland, to their nesting quarters. But far though the waders go to rear their young, nothing in Nature is more certain than the date of their return to our English coast-line. By the middle of August some few forerunners have begun to drop in, and usually towards the end of the third week of that month, especially if the weather shows signs of breaking up, a big migration sets in. This year, from August 24th to the 26th, large numbers of wading birds, dunlin, redshanks, grey plover, greenshanks, stints, whimbrel, pigmy curlew, and other birds were to be noted passing South.

THE GREEN SANDPIPER.

On the Sussex coast I noticed dunlin on Sunday, August 27th, and I am told that they were to be seen some days earlier. Greenshanks, green sandpipers, and sanderling were on this date also about the same estuary. As to that very elegant little wader, the green sandpiper, I have strong reason to believe that a few of these birds have been frequenting a certain locality in East Sussex for the greater part of this summer. I have no actual proof that they have bred, but there seems to be some reason to suspect them of having done so. Green sandpipers are regarded by most people as being merely spring and autumn migrants; yet it is quite certain that some numbers remain with us not only occasionally in summer, but during a great part of the winter, certainly till January or February. Mr. Miller Christy, in his "Birds of Essex," notes, by the way, that these sandpipers are often seen in July and August, and are not uncommon in May and September in that county. But, as a matter of fact, the green sandpiper has been met with, not only in Essex, but in other parts of England, during every month in the year. This bird is, I am convinced, not seldom mistaken by careless observers for the common sandpiper, or "summer snipe," which remains with us during the whole summer. The green sandpiper is a somewhat bigger bird, measuring about 9½ in. to the common sandpiper's 7½ in. or 8 in. I was watching a small group of these most elegant little sandpipers closely with a good glass only a few days since. They were feeding after the manner of their kind on the muddy point of a small stream, left bare by the tide. They were eager, cheerful, and by no means shy, and I could have shot a pair with ease, by dint of a little careful stalking, if I had been so minded. In addition to the greenish tint with which their backs, scapulars, and wing feathers are glossed, they are to be identified by the three peculiarly sharp, piercing notes which they raise when disturbed or when calling to one another. The legs are a dusky green, the toes united at the base by a small membrane or web. I have no record of the breeding of these birds in England being successfully established; yet I am convinced that there is strong ground for suspecting that a pair or two do nest occasionally here and there. And, as I say, I am much inclined to believe that these birds have nested in Sussex this very summer. Next summer I hope to be fortunate enough to obtain actual proof in this interesting matter.

THE NESTING OF RARE BIRDS.

But, as a matter of fact, birds that are looked upon as somewhat rare breeders in Britain at the present day, nest, I am convinced, somewhat more freely than many people imagine. A fortnight since I wrote of my belief that a pair or two of teal had bred this summer in the estuarine marshes of a certain small Sussex river. I have since had confirmation of the fact from a very careful and accurate observer. In the same neighbourhood shoveller duck have nested and reared their young, while no great way from the river, on suitable ground, a pair of stone-curlews, or Norfolk plover—very shy immigrants to Britain at the present day—have been equally successful. Facts such as these are very cheering to those concerned with ornithology and with the perpetuation and even the restoration of rare British species. I do not wish to imply that the breeding of teal or shovellers is by any means an unknown thing in Britain, but it is rare at all events in Sussex, especially in that portion of the county which I have been observing.

A CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

During this summer a singular friendship has been struck up in this same part of Sussex by a single spoonbill and a common heron. The spoonbill, of course, a rare visitant in these regions at the present time, although anciently these birds nested in East Anglia, at Trimley, Claxton, and Reedham, as well as in other parts of England. They still have a penchant for East Anglia, probably from its proximity to Holland, and within the last sixteen years flocks of as many as twelve and thirteen have visited Breydon Water, near Yarmouth. But in Sussex the bird is scarce. I saw one some years since on Pevensey Marsh. This specimen speedily fell a victim to the inevitable gunner, and its stuffed remains decorate to this hour the parlour of a country inn. It is a marvel to me how the spoonbill I speak of has managed during some weeks of this summer to escape the sharp eyes of the various local sportsmen. It is a quiet locality, however, the marshy valley where these birds have foregathered, and as the spoonbill kept pretty close company with his friend the heron, I suppose he may thus have escaped notice, though the visitor's plumage is much the whiter. It is surely a strange friendship this! There is, of course, some distant relationship between the two birds. By modern naturalists the spoonbills are classed among the family ibididae, in which are included the ibises as well as the five or six species of these birds (the spoonbills) to be found in different parts of the world. But the older naturalists placed the spoonbill among the Ardeidae or herons. I am not sure that they were not right. The spoonbill has certainly affinities with the herons, and his voice, a deep harsh squawk, has the true heron-like note. Our British spoonbill (*Platalea leucorodia*), by the way, has a wide range, being found not only in Southern and Central Europe, but in North Africa, and from Eastern Europe as far as Central Asia, Ceylon, and even distant China. H. A. B.

ALONG THE RIVIERA.

THERE still remain some wise people who prefer to revel in the beautiful and interesting drive along the Cornice Road in preference to rushing in and out of short tunnels all day, boxed up in a hot dusty train. Indeed, there are enough to have necessitated the setting up of new and improved travelling carriages, the old machines with *fourgon* and *capote* having become very moth-eaten and antiquated. How pleasant it is in after years to recall that drive. The loading up of the scrambling, roomy "machine," the start in the early morning, maid and courier packed away inside, and ourselves tucked up with rugs and books in the high seat with its hood; the groups of spectators, the bowing landlord, the old *vetturino*, delighted with his job, the team of wiry horses, decorated with pheasants' tails and jingling bells, setting merrily forth to the practised crack of the long whip. Nice is a great, staring, ugly town now, but it is a good point for a start, and it is still a delicious experience to leave Paris in black frost and to wake up the following morning in sunshine and to saunter out into the brilliant flower market. For though the Riviera has its bad days, and hides a cutting wind behind its smiles, the days when the sun is too hot in sheltered walks are not few or far between.

Nice is a very expensive place, especially at carnival-time, when "*Il faut sucer les Anglais*" is the motto of the hotel-keepers. It is good to leave it behind and to mount through the freshening air into the mountains. As we bowl along the good road made by Napoleon the precipices which it traverses give some idea of what a journey meant



G. R. Ballance. EARTHQUAKE BUTTRESSES: OLD SAN REMO.

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along the old mule path between Nice and Genoa before it was made. Mme. de Genlis tells us how she took this journey, and how, when she asked the man of whom she was ordering the mules as to the danger, he replied, "I am not anxious about you, madame, but I am really frightened for my mules, for last year I lost two, which were crushed by the falling rocks." "This did not exactly reassure us," she adds; "but it made us laugh and we set out."

We pass the tower of La Turbia, the Roman tower of Augustus, with mountain mists wreathing round its ancient stones, and Villafranca lies below in the deep blue plain, and the rocky nest of Eza rises between the mountains and the sea, with bays and peninsulas stretching into the faint distance beyond. Eza, which, with La Turbia, was of old a great Saracen stronghold, from which all the surrounding country was ravaged. The pirates still gather and pillage down below there, though now the net is spread openly in sight of the bird. Down, where beneath us "little Monaco basking glows," and the domes and roofs of Monte Carlo glitter and sparkle, where there are beautiful pleasure-grounds, luxurious reading-rooms, one of the best orchestras in Europe, all without cost of a farthing. The air is heavy with the scent of lemon groves, all the gaiety of the world seems to concentrate there, and there, as in Armida's garden, the witch of Hazard holds her court and plays with human lives and breaks hearts and fills the exchequer of her Prince.

Beyond Roccabruna, the spot was pointed out to us where a plucky French woman, not many years ago, outwitted a footpad. She had walked to too lonely a spot, and was stopped by a man on a bicycle. He demanded her purse, and more especially her jewels, which were valuable. Taking out her purse, she flung it



G. R. Ballance.

A SAN REMO FRUIT STALL.

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some distance up the road, saying violently, "Take it, then!" The brigand leant his machine against the wall and went to pick it up. While he was rifling the contents the young woman, who was well accustomed to ride a man's bicycle, gathered up her skirts, jumped upon his wheel, disappeared down the incline, and pursuit was so quickly set on foot that the thief was captured. The road is pretty steep here, and it must have needed good nerve to start on a strange machine and to hear the furious threats that followed her.

Roccabruna nestles its tawny walls into the purple shadow of Monte Agel. Tradition says that it all slipped down to its present perch one night without waking a single inhabitant. One of the old French Passion plays is still acted here, and is worth seeing if one is within reach in June, the festival of Our Lady of



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OFF ST. MARGHERITA.

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the Snow. Near by is the convent of Laghetto, crowning a rugged rock, where an inscription commemorates the tragic farewell of Charles Albert to his crown and kingdom, when he fled here after the fatal field of Novara; and so, with Giuseppe gathering all the energies of his team together in order to make a good effect, we dash through the long, gay street of Mentone, set out with embroideries and straw-work, cherry-trimmed baskets and

riding is a weariness on account of the constant jerk, though the patient little beasts, clad in decked-out trappings, are as sure-footed as possible.

The flowers in spring-time are a dream of beauty: narcissus, intoxicatingly sweet, the scarlet fire of red anemones, and violets growing on such long stalks that, as J. A. Symonds says, one can see how the Greeks used to weave the violet crown. Above the olive groves comes a tangled growth of heaths and pines, rosemary and myrtle, upon which it is sweet to lie and look out at the deep soft blue of the sea, while behind tower grey and arid peaks thousands of feet in height. On the very heights are still to be seen the remains of ruined villages and castles, built for retreats from the Moorish pirates. Not so long ago old men could still be seen in Mentone who were taken captive by the Moors in their youth. After all, those demons from Algiers raided even Cornwall as late as 1830.

The mountains are less grand behind San Remo, though soft with olive woods, but the old town is infinitely picturesque as it tumbles down the steep hillside, towers and arches, house over house, balconies and turrets, clinging vines, and bright bits of colour. The streets, too, make a picture at every turn—steep and narrow, and arched over to save the houses from bulging in case of earthquake. These old, heavily arched and supported streets have stood repeated shocks, even the great



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ON SESTRI BEACH.

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inlaid tables, and all the more or less attractive rubbish collected to catch the francs of the idle visitor.

Nothing can be more delicious than to wander in the hills that lie behind Mentone and San Remo. Through lemon groves, laden with the tender golden, waxy fruit, you climb into the olive woods. Some of these are said to be five centuries old, so

earthquake of 1878, which left more modern buildings a mass of ruins.

"The shrines are little spots of brightness in the gloomy streets. Madonna with a sword; Christ holding his pierced and bleeding heart. The Eternal Father pointing to his dead son stretched on his knee. St. Roch reminding us of old plague days by the spot upon his thigh—these are the symbols of the shrines. Before them stand rows of pots of flowers, placed there by pious, simple hands—by maidens come to tell their sorrow to Our Lady, by old women bent and shrivelled, in hopes of Paradise, or in gratitude for days when Madonna kept Cecchino faithful to his home, or saved the baby in the fever."

It was from San Remo that Brescia, the sailor, came, who dared to disobey the public order of Pope Sixtus V., that silence on pain of death should be kept while the great obelisk in front of St. Peter's in Rome was being raised into place by pulleys. A moment of agonising suspense while the ropes stretched, the sailor's voice, "Aiga a e corde" ("Water to the ropes"), hasty obedience, and a long breath of relief from all concerned. And the ready request of the quick-witted sailor to the offer of reward, that his native place should furnish the Easter palms to St. Peter's for ever. And from there they still are sent after more than 300 years, and a great industry it has now become.

Some of the old posting inns at the smaller villages still keep their old Visitors' Book, and it was touching and amusing to trace in more than one of these the signature of a great-aunt, who came this road on her honeymoon in the forties. She is a widow long ago, and an old, old lady, but was then in the heyday of youth and beauty, travelling with her young bridegroom, with maid and courier, in her husband's own carriage, as the fashion was.



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AN OLD COURTYARD.

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that Petrarch may almost have rested beneath them on his way to Avignon. They are such gnarled and split and hoary veterans as you may find at Syracuse or Corfu, or growing up the slopes of Tivoli. Very different from the well-pruned and, of course, far more prolific orchards of Tuscany or the Rhone Valley. The paths, far up into the woods, are paved and well kept, but the shallow step every yard or two makes them tiring, and donkey-

All along here Ruffini's "Doctor Antonio" is the best of guide-books, and all the places mentioned in it are easily traced.

It seems as if Bordighera ought to be the great palm market, for palms are its chief characteristic; they shadow the old walls, where the women come to draw water in their copper jars, they lean over the little shrines, and give an Eastern air to the white town. They are of all sizes, from the hoary-headed old giant, reputed to be 1,000 years old, down to little seedlings, which may be pulled up and carried off to England.

Dean Alford has written a delightful description of the palms of Bordighera, and says there are probably more of these trees here now than in the Holy Land. He speaks of its picturesque groupings, its effects in sunlight, "the child of the sun" as it is, of the rich brown and yellow tones of its stem and fruit, contrasted with its pale green foliage, and adds: "Nor is the least charm of the palm, the silvery whisper of seeded fronds, which dwells everywhere about and under it. That soft sound soothed the old-world grief of patriarchs, and murmured over the bivouac of Eastern armies. When the longers for Zion sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon, was it not the rough hurr of the palm on which they hung their harps, rather than the common but gratuitously-imagined branch of the willow? And when Judæ was again captive, it was under the palm that the conqueror on his triumphant medals placed the daughter of Zion."

It is a variation, not one of the least interesting, in that long

occurrence in his Border career illuminates to an extraordinary degree the state of the Borders at the time Sir Robert Ker was his opposite Warden, and Cary wrote to him to appoint a day when they might meet privately to take some good order for quieting the Borders. He goes on to say that:

"He stayed my man all night, and wrote to me back that he was glad to have the happiness to be acquainted with me, and did not doubt but the country would be the better governed by our good agreements. I wrote to him on the Monday, and the Thursday after he appointed the place and hour of meeting.

"After he had filled my man with drink, and put him to bed, he and some half a score with him got to horse, and came into England to a little village. There he broke up a house, and took out a poor fellow, who (he pretended) had done him some wrong, and before the door cruelly murdered him, and so came quietly home and went to bed. The next morning he delivered my man a letter in answer to mine, and returned him to me. It pleased me well at the reading of his kind letter, but when I heard what a brave he had put upon me, I quickly resolved what to do, which was, never to have to do with him until I was righted for the great wrong he had done me."

Young Ker had apparently under-estimated his man, but the disagreement thus begun was to become deeper before long. Cary made short work of the Scotch thieves, hanging every one whom he caught red-handed. Cary's narrative goes on:

"There was a favourite of his, a great thief, called Geordie Bourne. This gallant, with some of his associates, would in a bravery come and take

goods in the East March. I had that night some of the garrison abroad. They met with this Geordie and his fellows, driving of cattle before them. The garrison set upon them, and with a shot killed Geordie Bourne's uncle, and he himself, bravely resisting till he was sore hurt in the head, was taken. After he was taken, his pride was such that he asked, who it was who durst avow that night's work? But when he heard it was the garrison, he was then more quiet. But so powerful and awful was this Sir Robert Ker and his favourites, as there was not a gentleman in all the East March that durst offend them. Presently, after he was taken, I had most of the gentlemen of the March come to me, and told me, that now I had the ball at my foot, and might bring Sir Robert Ker to what condition I pleased, for that this man's life was so near and dear unto him, as I should have all that my heart could desire for the good and quiet of the country and myself, if upon any condition I would give him his life. I heard them and their reasons, notwithstanding I called a jury next morning, and he was found guilty of March-treason."

All who knew the Borders told Cary that in the person of this stalwart thief he had obtained what would probably lead to his

own destruction, so great was the terror that the name of Robert Ker inspired. Cary says:

"When all things were quiet and the watch set at night, after supper about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries, and we three as the Warden's men came to the Provost Marshal's where Bourne was, and were let into his chamber. We sat down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend; and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himself said that he had lived long enough to do so many villainies as he had done, and withal told us that he had lain with above forty men's wives, what in England, what in Scotland; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murdering them; that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences."

Like the Scotch judge, Cary thought this man would be "nane the waur o' a hanging"; and hanged he was, despite Sir Robert Ker and all the rest of his friends. The sequel of the story was one to delight the romantic soul of Sir Walter Scott. Ker's fury was unabated for many a long day; he sought and plotted in every way to accomplish his revenge, but in vain, for "he never drew drop of blood in all my march, neither did his thieves trouble it much with stealing, for fear of hanging if they were taken." Subsequently when commissioners were chosen by the Queen of England, the King of Scots and the Wardens were called upon to deliver up their prisoners. Ker, with the Lord of Buccleugh, was a defaulter. A second chance was offered them, then they were ordered to be delivered as prisoners into Berwick. And now a curious thing happened.



G. R. Ballance.

STREET SCENE IN OLD SAN REMO.

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line of exquisite beauty which runs from Cannes to Sestri, and which for pure, idyllic loveliness cannot be surpassed by anything in the South of Italy. EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE materials of romance are often of as much interest as the romance itself, and this is a good enough excuse for giving attention to a little book which has appeared in the series called the King's Classics. The volume referred to is *Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth* (De La More Press). Cary's autobiographic sketch can scarcely be said to be widely known, as not many editions of it have appeared. It was first printed in 1759, with notes and introduction by the Earl of Corke and Orrery. A second edition appeared in the same year, and the work was reprinted by the firm of Constable, with a few corrections and notes by Sir Walter Scott in 1808. The time has clearly come, therefore, for reprinting it, and we are glad to have the book in this agreeable and serviceable form. There are two points in Cary's life that have particularly struck the public imagination. One is his celebrated ride to tell King James of the death of Elizabeth, and the other is his Wardenship of the Scottish Marches. He held the position of Warden of the Marches during the last ten years of Elizabeth's reign. The position had previously been held by his father, who had actually put him in possession of Norham while his brother was Marshal of Berwick. Almost the first

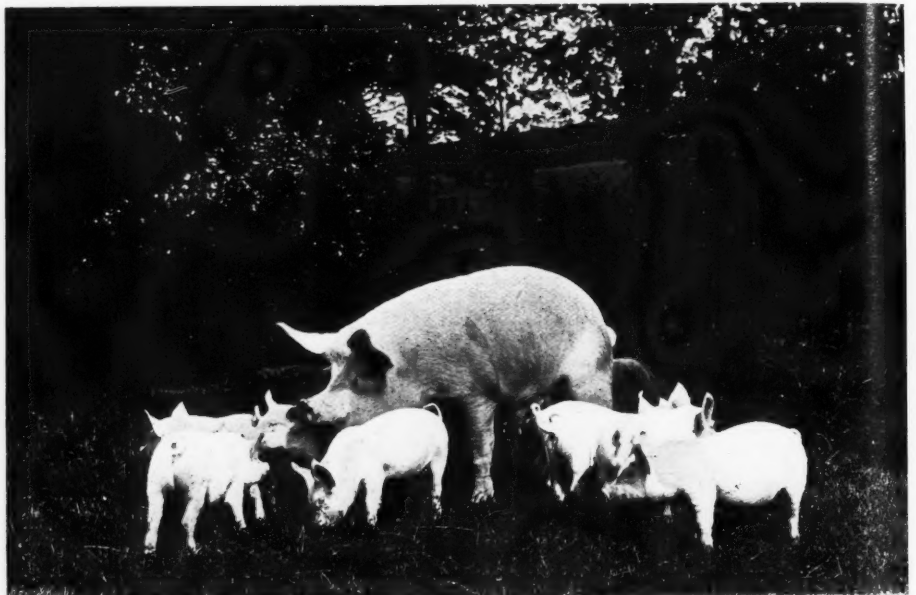
"Sir Robert Cer (contrary to all men's expectation) chose me for his guardian, and home I brought him to my own house, after he was delivered to me. I lodged him as well as I could, and took order for his diet and men to attend on him, and sent him word that (although by his harsh carriage towards me, ever since I had that charge, he could not expect any favour, yet) hearing so much goodness of him that he never broke his word, if he would give me his hand and credit to be a true prisoner, he should have no guard set upon him, but have free liberty for his friends in Scotland to have ingress and regress to him as often as he pleased. He took this very kindly at my hands, accepted of my offer, and sent me thanks."

Some days passed, and then the two old enemies met, and "after long discourse, charging and recharging one another with wrong and injuries, at last before our parting we became good friends." There is not a page in Scott or a Border ballad that speaks more eloquently of the wildness and the rude chivalry at that time prevalent on the Border. We have described the incident at some length, but it is only one of many that are equally interesting. We have no space here to tell of Sim of the Cathill, or of the hunting on the Cheviots that was very near being turned into another Otterbourne. We must pass lightly over these incidents in order to say a word about the celebrated ride from London to Edinburgh, which speaks as much for the endurance of Sir Robert Cary himself as for the horses he rode. Of course, his motive was a purely selfish one, and may be summed up in the

saying, "Le roi est mort; vive le roi." To put it bluntly, his sole, or at least his chief, idea was to curry favour with King James as the first to announce Elizabeth's death. Whether that be so or not, the ride was one that would test the prowess of a horseman of the present day, and we can only regret the account does not give more particulars. He started between nine and ten o'clock on the Thursday morning, and made his first stop at Doncaster, 155 miles from London. What we should like to know is, how often he changed horses during the journey, and the exact number of hours he spent upon the road. Next day he managed to push on as far as Witherington, a distance about equal to that done on his first day. We know that the roads of the time were so far from being good, that a carriage with six horses would often stick in the ruts, and it is unlikely that they would be dry on March 24th. On the third day he was continuing at this break-neck speed, when he came to grief at Norham, falling from his horse and receiving a kick on the head. Yet he managed to reach Edinburgh on the Saturday night, just after King James had gone to bed. We have described this book as giving the materials of romance, and we could not imagine any writer of the cloak and rapier school inventing livelier incidents, or finding a hero who united in so eminent a degree a sagacious regard for his own interests with a dare-devil recklessness.

PROFITABLE PIG-KEEPING.

THE illustrations which we show in this number of pigs belonging to Sir Gilbert Greenall of Warrington, will have a special interest for farmers at the present moment, because for some time past pigs have been distinctly on the rise. In the latest return of market prices issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, we find the reports summarised in this laconic sentence, "Bacon and pork pigs are still dear," and a glance at the markets in detail shows how well the summary is justified. Pigs were scarce and very dear at Carlisle last week; dear at Crewe; at Darlington "a better supply and improved trade"; at Derby they made good prices; at Dorchester pork was scarce and dear; at Hull pork maintains a good price; at Ipswich trade in pigs was brisk; at Norwich there was a keen competition for pigs, and prices were high—these are fair samples of the reports issued from the various markets, showing that the value of pigs is at the moment decidedly on the increase. Luckily, with this kind of farm-stock it is comparatively easy to take advantage of a good market, because of all meat-producing domestic animals, pigs produce most young in a year. Laves and Gilbert were



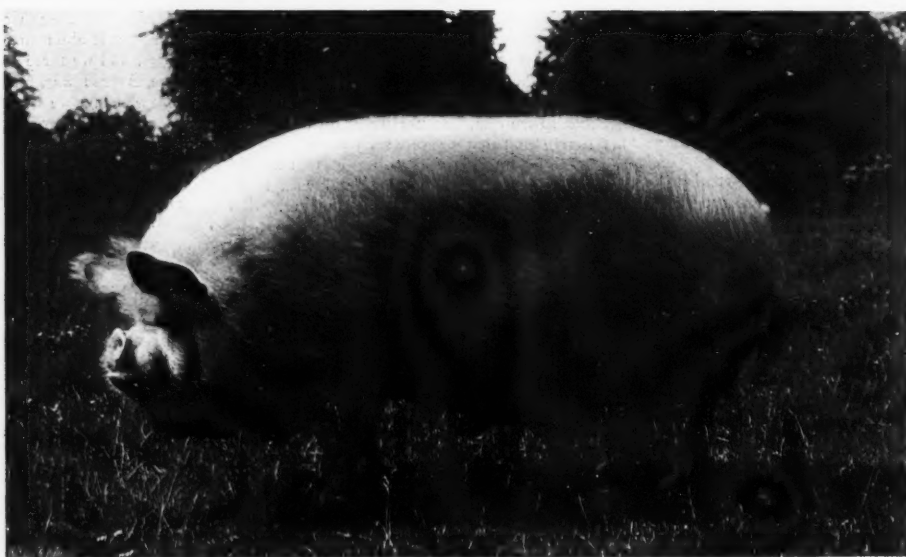
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A PROMISING LITTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the first to put the facts in connection with this on a scientific basis. They showed that oxen will on an average consume from 12lb. to 13lb. of the dry substance of such mixed food as hay, corn, cake, and straw chaff for 100lb. live weight per week, and they should give 1lb. of increase for 12lb. or 13lb. of dry substance so consumed. Sheep will consume about 15lb. of the dry substance of mixed foods per 100lb. live weight per week, and should yield for a considerable period of time one part increase in live weight for about nine parts of the dry substance of their foods. But pigs fed liberally on foods composed chiefly of corn will consume from 26lb. to 30lb. per 100lb. live weight per week of the dry substance of such food. They should yield one part increase of live weight for four or five parts of the dry substance of the food.

These results have been frequently checked by Americans, with whom the fattening of hogs is a great industry, and have been found correct. With proper management a sow ought to give two litters of young in a year, so that when a rise in the meat derived from pigs is coming on, the farmer is in a fair



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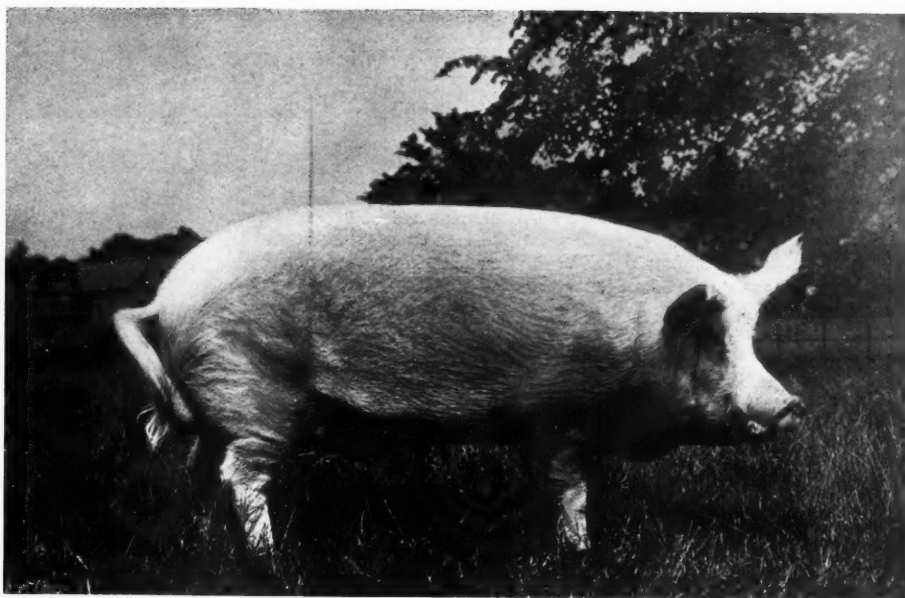
WALTON JEWELL II.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

position to meet it. All the same, the profitable keeping of pigs is to a large extent dependent upon the quantity of waste they can consume. The cottager, for instance, who finds in the pig a useful supplement to his income, would not do so if he were obliged to purchase all the food that was necessary. But a considerable proportion is grown by him in his garden or allotment, and would probably be wasted if the pig were not there to convert it into bacon. Small potatoes will furnish an example of what we mean. Where there is no stock to consume them, they are simply thrown aside, and so it is with the general refuse of the house, particularly the parings of vegetables and similar substances. These can be given to the pig, and form an excellent food for it, while they would have no value save for its existence. Thus, in a sense, the bacon and hams that come at length to adorn the labourer's cottage represent hardly any outlay beyond the original price paid for the pigling.

But the principle can be extended far beyond the cottage. In dairies where butter is made, one of the greatest difficulties is to get rid, on remunerative terms, of the skim and butter milk, and where pigs are kept to consume these, they can scarcely be anything but a source of profit. We know at least one co-operative dairy in this country which pays a heavy rate of interest to the small number of shareholders who own it privately, and they consider the profit to be wholly due to the fact that the waste products of the dairy are turned into pork. Those who have gardens and orchards are compelled to deal with a certain amount of blown and useless fruit and vegetables that form excellent food for the pigs, and would be lost were they not consumed in this way. And even the wild woods contribute to the welfare of this domestic animal. In mediæval times it was customary for the swineherd to drive his charges out, in the autumn mornings, into the oak plantations, where they feasted on acorns all day, and to bring them home at night. This year is perhaps a general exception to the rule, because, though other nuts are fairly abundant, there is but a moderate supply of acorns. Yet, in a general way, the owner of pigs may at this season of the year obtain a large quantity of food for them for nothing but the trouble of carrying it home. Of course, we know that all this is open to the criticism that it will apply only to those who keep pigs on a comparatively small scale, but it is of those we are speaking at the present moment. On another occasion it may be found advisable to go thoroughly into the question whether it be not possible to feed pigs to profit even when the whole or the greater part of the food has to be purchased. But these are not the conditions that obtain ordinarily; at least, we have never heard of a man who bred pigs and did nothing else. If he has grass or corn fields, or if he grow roots, he will certainly find that he has on hand an abundance of foodstuff that cannot be utilised to better advantage than by feeding pigs with it.

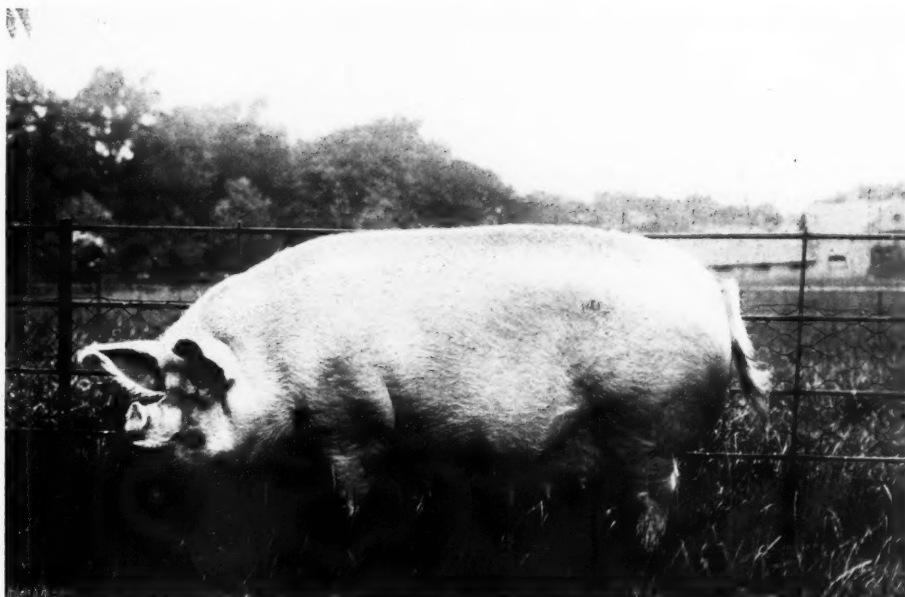
It may seem at a first glance to be a little absurd that we should take for a text for these remarks pictures of so celebrated a herd as that of Sir Gilbert Greenall. Like every breeder of pedigree stock, he does not pretend to keep them for utilisation of waste



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LARGE WHITE BOAR, 18 MONTHS OLD.

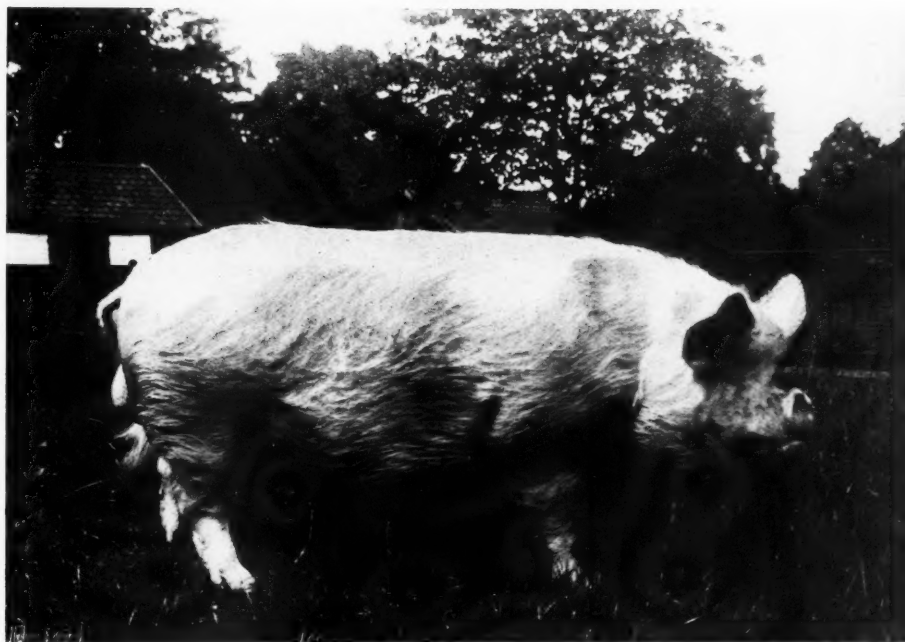
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WALTON IVY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WALTON DAINTY III.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

products, and, indeed, a glance at the well-built and excellent pigsties he has prepared for the purpose would preclude the entertainment of any such idea. But, on the other hand, the breeder of pedigree stock performs a service that cannot be overestimated for those whose object is to meet the demands of the market. In all breeds of domestic animals, it has been proved beyond a doubt that the most vigorous animals are the first cross between two pure-breds, and animals that have become absolutely mongrel are not to be compared with them. This holds especially true of the "middle whites," of which Sir Gilbert Greenall has so many splendid examples. This pig, like the other whites, originated in Yorkshire, where it was not kept by fanciers in the modern sense of the term, although in a real sense they were fanciers. The small farmers of the county of broad acres two or three generations ago used to hold regular competitions to see who possessed the best pig. They did not trouble much about the breed, provided the qualities of a good bacon animal were present, so that they cannot be said to have established either the large whites, the middle whites, or the small whites in public favour; but they did manage to evolve a pig that suited their purpose, and as those which won prizes were hunted for by those who desired to come into possession of the best strains, the whites got established as a show breed, and there is no doubt that the animals kept by those Yorkshiremen in early days became the progenitors of those who ultimately won the prizes at the Royal and other agricultural exhibitions.

FROM THE FARMS.

WILD FRUITS.

THE present season, which has been so favourable, on the whole, to the farmer and the garden, has been in favour, no less, of all the wild fruits of the earth. The blackberries and the nuts are very plentiful in the hedges, and have enjoyed just that due succession of sun to ripen them and rain to swell them that they require. The mast on the beech trees is exceptionally abundant, and has given them a bronzed autumnal effect long before the turning of the leaves, which is responsible for their true autumnal tints.

Singularly, there is no appearance of an exceptional acorn production, and acorns are a fruit that we can well dispense with, leading as they do, when in great numbers, to a nomadic habit among the pheasants, and to internal troubles in any stock, with the exception of pigs and deer, that eat them. Whether they agree



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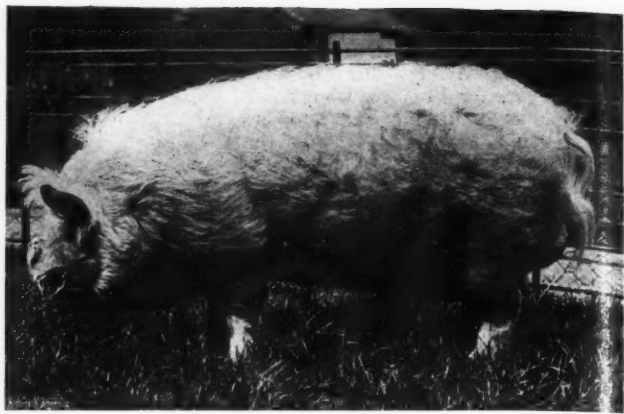
A PERFECT PROFILE.

"C.L."

importance in regard to pears, because quite a short delay may be the cause of their being spoiled. Thus, an energetic, active, and careful man will often be able to reap the full benefit of his orchard, while one who is not gifted with these qualities will find it a white elephant. Nuts are, perhaps, more easily treated. They do not spoil so quickly; but, on the other hand, they require picking when they are ripe, although some of the more skilful growers hold an opposite belief, and do not gather their nuts until they can shake them from the tree. Something is to be said in favour of this. But more important, perhaps, is it to remember that at this moment nuts are a glut in the market, while a few weeks hence they will bring excellent prices. They can be preserved in as good condition as they were when gathered, and that is a fact which the orchard man will do well to bear in mind.

FOREST FIRES AND LUMBERMEN.

In the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture of the United States there is a most instructive article by Mr. E. A. Sterling on the attitude of lumbermen towards forest fires. His point is that the facts of fires in the past have been too much minimised. He says: "Few fires in a forest are so slight as to produce no ill effects. Though most of the trees may escape with only a slight blackening or charring of the bark, there are invariably others which are killed or



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OFFLEY JOHN.

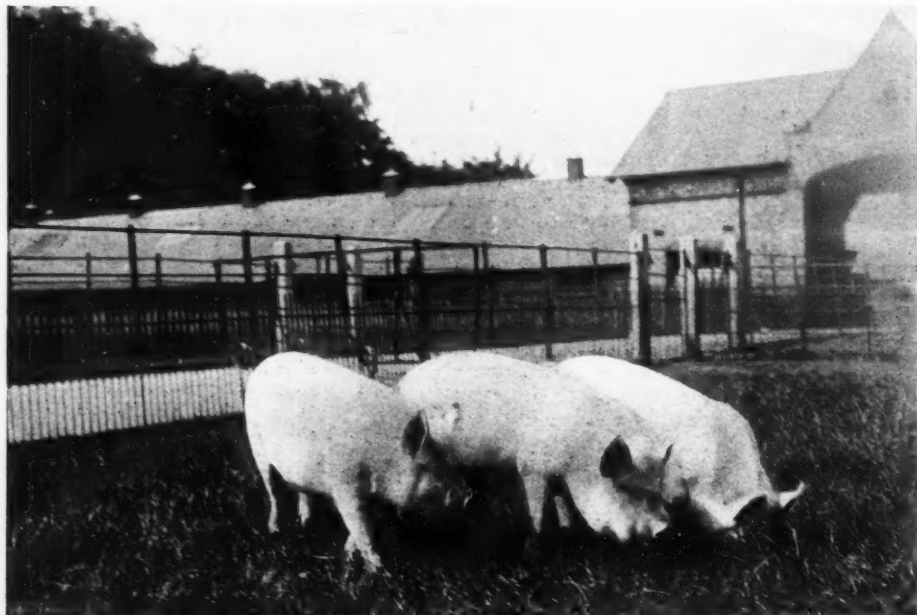
"C.L."

or disagree with sheep is a question that still seems debatable. The answers of farmers are confident enough on the subject, but unfortunately are directly opposed to each other, so that they do not advance knowledge. Even the mushroom crop, assisted by the warm, damp nights, has been abnormally abundant.

The fact that two patients have lately died in the hospital at Dublin from the effects of eating poisonous fungi, under the impression that they were mushrooms, and the further fact that a number of others have been under treatment from the same cause, suggests a word of warning. When the fungi, edible or otherwise, comes to table, it is almost impossible to distinguish one kind from another. The distinction has to be made before that stage, that is to say, either the picker of the mushrooms or the cook should be sufficiently expert to identify the mushroom and the toadstool. The discrimination is quite easy, but some of the pickers may be city people, who would not know a turnip from a carrot.

MARKETING FRUIT.

There is all the difference between slovenly packing and packing that will allure the eye. Promptitude is also of the greatest



Copyright.

PROFITABLE PIG-KEEPING: MIDDLE WHITES

"COUNTRY LIFE."

injured at the base by the burning of brush and *débris* accumulated about the trunk, or by the fire catching in a break in the bark. Each successive fire adds its percentage of injury, while all damaged trees are rendered less wind-firm. Even in the southern pines, where the fire injury is near the minimum, the cumulative damage is surprisingly great. The Bureau of Forestry has obtained figures which show that in a turpentine orchard of Florida long-leaf pine, abandoned for five years, 33 per cent. of the trees above a diameter of 1 in. were found dead or down, mainly as a result of fire, while only one-half of 1 per cent. of the remaining boxed trees were unburned. The damage in unboxed long-leaf pine of the same region was much less serious, 82 per cent. of the stand being sound." No one has any particular interest in putting the fires out, and Mr. Sterling goes on to remark that: "The general attitude of lumbermen towards forest fires is one of hopelessness, coupled in a measure with indifference. Fires were not unknown prior to the days of settlement, but since the commercial exploitation of the forest began they have increased in number and severity, until now they are regarded as inevitable. Considering the many causes from which forest fires spring, the difficulty of quickly locating and suppressing them in the incipient stages, and the tremendous and often impossible task of stopping a fire when it has attained full headway, it is not to be wondered at that the lumberman has taken rather a hopeless view of the matter. Furthermore, fire fighting, and even crude measures of protection, require an outlay which could not have been borne during the earlier lumbering period."

THE IMPORTS OF WHEAT.

In a valuable table recently published it was shown that whereas during the last ten years the importation of wheat from abroad had risen from 18,817,000 quarters in 1894-95 to 24,529,000 quarters in 1904-5, the quantity of flour imported during the same period had fallen from a little over 6,000,000 in 1894-95 to about 3,500,000 in 1904-5. The suspicious thing about the figures is that the drop took place nearly all in one year. During the preceding time it had remained at about 6,000,000 annually; last year it came down to 3,500,000. Of course, if this drop represented a genuine falling off in the importation of flour, it would be generally recognised as a benefit to the English farmer, since the bringing of American flour into this country tells against us in many ways. It is bad for our mills, which ought to grind the corn themselves, and it is bad for those who feed cattle, because they are deprived of the offal that would otherwise come in to serve their purposes. The importation of other grain has undergone one or two striking changes. Barley, for instance, increased by 6,000,000 cwt. in 1903-4, but it fell off to 11,000,000 cwt. in 1904-5, while the importation of oats remained practically stationary. It will be curious to notice what takes place during the coming year. Some wheat-growers are already losing heart, because the beginning of the cereal year has been marked by a distinct fall in prices, and if this were to continue it would completely demonstrate the folly of those who were responsible for bringing an additional 500,000 acres into cultivation during the past season. Our belief, however, is that this movement toward a fall will not continue. There is at present an overflowing supply from Canada and a fair supply from the United States, but the latter is likely to cease as soon as prices fall a little lower, and the Russian supply is sure to be short this year. The depression in prices, therefore, is most probably temporary in its nature, and before the season is very far advanced will probably give way to a general and considerable rise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRACTICAL SUBJECTS IN ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I would like to endorse every word Mr. Bourne has written on "Practical Subjects in Country Schools" in your paper of August 26th. Where is the piling up of "subjects" to stop? I have lived all my life in the country, and taken a great interest in education, and I do not think that children now are as well educated as they were twenty years since. They are "crammed" with far more subjects, and my experience is that, as soon as an average labouring boy leaves school, he promptly forgets all he has been taught. Would it not be possible, instead of adding fresh burdens on the backs of our already over-tasked schoolmasters, to limit the subjects taught in our primary schools to a thorough knowledge of the three R's, establish more secondary schools, to which the clever children could pass with a scholarship or bursary, and more evening classes for the teaching of those who wish to increase their knowledge and yet do practical work? Practical work will never be taught in a school; as Mr. Bourne says, it is "playing at work," and nothing more injurious to either boy or girl can be devised than that. They gain a smattering, say, of pruning, and after leaving school enter a garden; they expect to prune, to propagate, or even, as one boy said to me, to hybridise (I may add that I found he had no idea what the word meant), and turn sullen or impatient when put to sweep up leaves or crock pots. It is my business to teach gardening, and I prepare pupils by correspondence for several exams. Only to-day I had a letter from a man begging me to coach him, and offering to pay "any fee" if I would. I was obliged to decline, simply because his

writing and spelling were so bad there was not the slightest chance of my being able to pass him. Had he been taught to read and write properly I have little doubt I could have got him through; and as he is a gardener, his practical knowledge is probably all right. Instead of increasing the number of subjects, decrease them, and let what is taught be taught thoroughly. The children will then be prepared to grapple with the "practical subjects" as they arise in the course of work.—J. S. TURNER, Glynde.

BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest the evidence given before the Committee of the Amendment Bill, and it has very much surprised me to find that no mention is made by anyone of the great nuisance and injustice caused by placing farm-buildings under the bye-laws. Whatever arguments can be used in favour of dwelling-houses being subject to the bye-laws, I know of none which can be used in the case of farm-buildings in rural districts. That it should be illegal to erect a wood shed to shelter a plough or a drill, and to make it compulsory to submit plans of all farm-buildings, is a tyranny for which there can be no possible justification. One of the architect witnesses said he found the submission of plans no trouble or annoyance; only tracings were necessary, which could be done by a junior, and in many cases was done by the office boy. I manage 10,000 acres, and have no junior and no office boy, and I do not know how many hours of my employer's time have been wasted in preparing plans for the Rural District Council. In many cases it has not even been merely a tracing, the plans being prepared solely for submission, the buildings being erected from instructions given by word of mouth. Mr. Massie, the surveyor to the Wakefield Rural District Council, made a great point that there was no demand in the West Riding for an alteration, and no friction caused by the bye-laws, and that they had not prosecuted for some years. He also stated that the bye-laws had been in force for nearly thirty years. Is it not possible, therefore, that builders have found it is no use kicking against the pricks? I know something of the Wakefield rural district and the adjoining districts, and to say that no annoyance has been caused by the bye-laws, and that there is no demand for their alteration, is to state what is absolutely incorrect.—LAND AGENT.

OWLS IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "G. C. G." will be glad to know that owls are to be found much nearer the heart of London than Fulham. Those who happen to live between Kensington Gardens and that great London bird sanctuary, the grounds of Holland Park, and whose windows open towards Kensington Gardens, can, if awake late on a quiet summer or autumn night, hear the hoot of the brown owl as plainly as they would in the New Forest. Sometimes it is far off, and then startlingly near. Long may we hear them, and many a meal may they make of the descendants of the sparrows who have driven the house-martins from London. It must be remembered that, from a bird's point of view, London, in spite of the haunting terror of cats, is not a bad place to live in. It is, paradoxical as it sounds, a refuge from men and boys. Birds know that the Londoner cannot throw a stone or carry a gun, and so the wood-pigeon has become a tame fowl, more gulls are to be seen in St. James's Park than in any harbour, and every winter great tits, coal tits, and blue tits fearlessly come for food to the room in which this letter is being written. Robins and hedge-sparrows are always busy in the small garden, and at this moment a chiffchaff, resting on its way South, is trying to remember its spring song.—F. D. D., Palace Gardens Terrace, W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In response to "G. C. G.'s" suggestion in your issue of September 9th, I write to say that owls are found well within the four-mile radius, viz., in the neighbourhood of Kensington Palace. We noticed them soon after settling in this terrace eight years ago, but never more so than during this last summer, when they have frequently disturbed us at night. We have heard as many as three owls calling to each other. When sitting out late one hot evening in July I saw one flying from a tree at the end of our little garden.—H., Palace Gardens Terrace.

ANTIQUE DAIRYMAIDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for September 9th I have been very interested in the representation of the "Egyptian Cowmen, 3300 B.C." These men are not milking the cows in the usual way, but are evidently using the method systematised by Dr. J. Hegelund at the Ladelund Dairy School, namely, that of *manipulation*, instead of the way in general use called "stripping." Dr. Hegelund claims for his system that there is an increase in the milk yield, and an immense increase in the butter-fat. I believe this plan has been also adopted by the Agricultural University in Wisconsin, with excellent results. It would be very interesting to hear if any of your readers have tried it, and with what result.—R. A. T.

EAGLES THROWING YOUNG FROM NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Surely it would be safe to class this idea with that recently put forward in COUNTRY LIFE—that birds will poison their young if they find them captives in a cage! Very often one (or even two sometimes in the case of three being laid) of the eggs in an eagle's nest will be found to be unfertile, but it is, on the other hand, quite common for two eaglets to be reared from the same nest. The eggs are generally, I believe, laid at an interval of a few days, and sometimes hatch out in the same order, so that one young one may be a day or two younger than another, and consequently weaker; but this is not unusual amongst the falconidae, and it is most improbable that one



of the young ones would be neglected or thrown out of the nest by its parents. Possibly one of them might fall out through accident, but even this, I imagine, rarely happens. A short time ago I met a Highland keeper, who assured me that he and a companion had recently witnessed the interesting spectacle of an old eagle teaching her young one to stoop upon game in the air. Both birds were circling overhead, the old one carrying a prey in her talons, and every now and again she let it drop for the young one to catch, and when he missed it (as always happened) she dashed after it and recovered it before it had reached the ground. After this had gone on for some time the game was abandoned, and "the prey" allowed to fall to the earth, when, to the surprise of the onlookers, on going to pick it up they found it was only a dry peat. It is not safe to cast a doubt upon the word of a Highlander on his native heath, and I did not. *Si non è vero, è ben trovato!*—LICHEN GREY.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in hearing of a happy family which friends of mine in Burma collected about them some years ago. It reminded me of the Scripture prophecy of the lion lying down with the lamb, for amongst the pets was a leopard, not brow-beaten, as are those to be seen at most native courts in India, but literally tame, having been reared by hand on the premises, and growing up just as a puppy or kitten might have done. Moun Gye, or Mr. Big, as the Burman servants called him, had been found by some native workmen and presented to my friends when he was only a few days old, by them had been in the first instance fed from a baby's feeding-bottle, and grew up in the most friendly relations not only with the horses and dogs, but with a tame sarao which was numbered amongst the pets. This animal is generally extremely wild and timid, having its habitat in the most inaccessible heights, and being seldom seen, even by sportsmen. The little creature had been found by a villager in an adjoining valley, and it was supposed that its mother had been chased and devoured by some beast of prey—possibly a relation of Moun Gye—who had overlooked the kid. This did not interfere with the friendship of the two, and the leopard would stand on its hind legs to pet and stroke the face of the sarao, which is an animal somewhat akin to an antelope. Alas! both met with the fate which so often overtakes pets, who rarely are long lived.—MARY F. A. TENCH.

GOAT-FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An African traveller—Sir H. Johnston, I think—has said that of all benefactors to the African, the goat deserves the highest monument. He can live in climates fatal to cattle and sheep. He will eat practically anything he can get his teeth into. He is the most portable form of food, as he will cheerfully maintain an average of ten miles a day with a caravan, and only needs one herder. His flesh, being free from fat, is especially suitable for food in malarial country, where rich meat, such as pork or fat mutton, is rank poison. Only the last of these attributes, however, is of interest to residents in England. Men who suffer from biliousness might surely with advantage cultivate a taste for goat-meat. Few men who have once overcome their repugnance to the idea of eating goat-flesh will admit that it is in any way inferior to venison. Small farmers in Queensland, among whom a bullock once killed must be eaten from neck to shin, a process which may take five or six months, greatly appreciate goat-meat as an occasional change. This admirable animal has one failing: the fence which he cannot get through has yet to be invented.—RALPH A. DURAND.

AN ANCIENT ACTION FOR SLANDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your interesting account of Aston Hall and the family of the Holtes, you tell the story of how Sir Thomas Holte, three centuries ago, brought an action (against one William Astgrigg), and recovered £30 damages, for a slanderous statement that he, "Sir Thomas Holte, tooke a cleever and hytt hys cooke with the same cleever uppon the heade, and clave his heade; that one syde fell uppon one of his shoulders, and the other syde on the other shoulder." You add that "the verdict was subsequently reversed, as is

believed, on a technicality." In the late Robert Hudson's "Memorials of a Warwickshire Parish," published quite recently, this reversal of the verdict is thus described: "On appeal, however, by Astgrigg against the damages given, it was ingeniously argued that although it had been stated that the halves of the cook's head had fallen on either shoulder, no averment had been made that that was what the cook died of, or that Sir Thomas killed him, and the judgment of the King's Bench was given in favour of the appellant." All which, if true, goes to prove once more that in feats of dexterity pen and tongue are more than a match for sword or "cleever." As I write from Felixstowe, let me add that quite recently there has been erected on our cliff here an imposing modern hotel, for which Aston Hall is understood to have served as the architectural model. Your illustrations seem to bear this out.—R. A. L., Berch House, Felixstowe.

WITH ALL THEIR TROUBLES BEFORE THEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This litter of spaniel puppies was bred this year by Mr. Bowyer, Loddon Court Farm, Swallowfield, Berks. Strong, healthy, and good-looking, they do justice to their mother's care when nursing them. At present life is idyllic for them. To eat, drink, be merry, or sleepy at will, comprises their duty in life, and they wot not of all the training that lies ahead of them at the keeper's hands to fit them to work industriously, intelligently, and stealthily through covert and hedgerow, to face undauntedly nettle and briar and furze, and so to reap the pure joy of their master's pat and word of praise as they bring the "runner" in unmouthed.—G. O.

OLD YORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The building in the accompanying photograph—the College, York—is of fifteenth century date, and was founded by Edward III. It was built for the Minster "song men," to avoid the unseemliness of their living all over the town. It passed out of Church hands at the Reformation, and in the seventeenth century was occupied by Sir Jonathan Jenkins, who made some Jacobean additions to its fabric. It next appears to have come into the possession of Lord Bingley, from whom it passed to the Lane Foxes of Bramham, who sold it to Mr. Frank Green, the present owner. It is now being repaired—not restored—for use as a Church House for the Northern Provinces.—R. L. M.

